THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ted Weekly Magazine
D: 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JAN. 2, 19[illegible]9 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

1909

More Than a Million a Week Circulation

The Only Accurate Speed Indicator

The Auto-Meter is the only speed indicator which is unfailingly accurate under all conditions. It is so durably made that wear has no appreciable effect on it. It remains accurate indefinitely.

All other speed indicators fail to indicate slow speeds at any time, and wear of delicate cams (multiplied dozens of times by the indicating hand) makes them so grossly inaccurate as to be entirely worthless after a few months' use.

This difference—absolute unfailing accuracy compared with entire worthlessness—is caused by a difference in principle, as well as in construction.

* * * * *

There are just two principles on which speed indicators can be made—magnetic induction and centrifugal.

The centrifugal indicator is a small edition of the governor used on steam engines—still used on some automobiles. It is the best appliance known for throttling an engine at **a certain predetermined speed** and holding it there within a few revolutions per minute.

The very nature of this principle, however, makes it inadequate to accurately indicate **a range** of speed from nothing to as fast as an automobile will travel.

At slow speeds a centrifugal instrument fails to respond. Even when new, no indication of speed is shown until the car is traveling **5 to 10 miles per hour.**

A dollar watch is a marvel of accuracy beside it.

The threshing of the weights used in centrifugal instruments sets up vibration which is transmitted to the indicating hand, causing it to flutter back and forth until it is impossible to know within 5 to 10 miles per hour what speed is being shown. Watch any centrifugal instrument in use, and imagine trying to swear to your exact speed.

There are several instruments—made on the centrifugal principle. Cheapness is their only recommendation—and some are not even cheap. They cannot be made in such a way as to more than approximately tell your speed.

* * * * *

The Magnetic Induction principle is used in but one speed indicator,

The Warner Auto-Meter

Guaranteed Absolutely Accurate

We control all the patents—20 in all—covering the application of Magnetic induction to a speed indicator. No one but ourselves can use it.

The Magnetic induction principle, used exclusively in the Auto-Meter, is similar in its action to that of the electric motor, except that it utilizes the "pull" of a fixed magnet instead of an electro-magnet.

The faster the magnet spins the greater the "pull"—the slightest motion of the magnet is truthfully recorded on the speed dial.

Because of this principle, the Auto-Meter is so sensitive that it correctly shows the exact speed when the automobile is **pushed by hand** on the garage floor. And with equal accuracy indicates every variation of speed up to 100 miles an hour.

The Magnetic induction principle enables us to make the Auto-Meter so sturdy and durable that no shock which would not destroy the car will affect its sensitiveness or accuracy in the slightest.

A construction which we have shown by practical tests will endure a MILLION MILES of riding without perceptible wear and without departing from absolute accuracy more than **10 feet to a MILE.**

* * * * *

The Auto-Meter is built like an expensive chronometer. We use the same expensive machines. The same skilled workmen operate them. They must produce parts accurate to $\frac{1}{10000}$ inch.

The Auto-Meter bearings are sapphire jewels. Only diamonds can equal them in hardness.

The circular magnet which acts on the speed dial and causes it to indicate is made from a special steel rich in tungsten. This is the only steel known to science which, when once magnetized, will never lose that magnetism. Tungsten costs nearly as much as silver.

The bearings on which this magnet revolves are imported Hoffman balls. Nothing made in America is sufficiently uniform. The cups and cones are hardened, ground and polished. Balls, cups and cones must be uniform to $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch or the entire bearing is thrown out. When the bearing is set up there is no perceptible "play"—it "feels" solid—yet spins as easily as though simply being twirled in the fingers.

Before magnet and dial are assembled in the case, all the brass parts inside are plated with **GOLD.** Because gold alone withstands corrosion perfectly. This makes certain that not even a chemical change can take place inside the Auto-Meter once it is assembled, and that it will continue to accurately indicate speed and distance **as long as you have a car to use it on.**

* * * * *

The odometer on the Auto-Meter is of our own construction. It is so durably made that it will last a lifetime. It is as sturdy and strong as a cash register. The season dial registers 100,000 miles and repeat; 10,000 miles is the limit on other odometers. Some drivers go farther than this in a single season. Their future mileage is lost.

The trip dial registers 1,000 miles. Other odometers show 100 mile trips only.

The trip dial can be reset to zero by a single turn of a button.

It's the best and strongest odometer procurable.

* * * * *

If we could only take you through our factory and show you how every part of the Auto-Meter is made—how each instrument is tested on a specially made machine costing over $10,000, until we know that it is absolutely accurate and will STAY so—

And then should make the same test for accuracy and finally take apart in your presence the cheap contraptions sold for speed indicators so you could see for yourself that a 35-cent alarm clock is really a mechanical masterpiece beside them—

You would decide—as all do who come—that the Auto-Meter is alone worthy of a place on your car.

* * * * *

We realize that all of you cannot go through the factory this way—

And we realize the impossibility of attempting to make you see things as they really are in an advertisement of this kind—

So we have written a book which we have kept as free from technical language as possible, illustrating, describing and comparing the different principles in such a way that you can know the truth for yourself.

In your own interest ask for this book before investing a penny in a speed indicator of any kind. You cannot afford to waste your money for the wrong instrument when the penalty is getting something absolutely worthless.

Please use this coupon in asking for the book.

These are the Facts—WHY?

The Automobile Blue Book and every Automobile Map or Route Book accepted as an authority by motorists was laid out with the Auto-Meter.

* * * * *

C. J. Glidden, of "Glidden Tour" fame, uses the Auto-Meter on all his cars. It has accurately indicated his speed and distance when touring all parts of the civilized world.

* * * * *

Reginald Vanderbilt uses the Auto-Meter on his pleasure and racing cars.

* * * * *

Thomas Lawson, of "Frenzied Finance" fame, uses two cars and two Auto-Meters.

* * * * *

The same facts apply with regard to the Thomas—almost every one of the thousands of cars put out by them on special orders were Auto-Meter equipped. The drivers of the Thomas "New York to Paris," car admit that it would have been impossible to have made their wonderful showing without the Auto-Meter—unfailingly accurate—serving as a tireless pace-maker.

* * * * *

Repetition grows monotonous. Sixty-four per cent of all cars costing $2000 *or more*, and equipped with any kind of a speed indicator, have the Auto-Meter on their dashboard.

* * * * *

Please read between the lines. Those who can afford such cars require the *very best* in the way of equipment. Most of them made rigid comparative tests in a practical way before deciding—and the Auto-Meter was selected. Why?

* * * * *

When considering the above it must be remembered that there are many centrifugal instruments at a wide range of prices. And only one Magnetic induction instrument—the Auto-Meter—at one price. Yet, we repeat, the Auto-Meter is on the dash of *sixty-four per cent of all cars costing $2000 or more on which any kind of a speed indicator is used.*

Those who demand and can afford *the best*, invariably specify the Auto-Meter—because of its extreme sensitiveness, unfailing accuracy and wonderful durability.

Ask for the FREE BOOK, using coupon below, and become familiar with the miracle of mechanics which makes this wonderful accuracy possible.

The Warner Instrument Company S. E. P.
Beloit, Wis., U. S. A.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me your book, in which illustrations from photographs will enable me to *convince myself* that money spent for any speed indicator but the Auto-Meter would be actually *thrown away.*

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FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES

The difference between water cooling and Franklin air-cooling

A gasoline engine makes the most power and does its best work with the outer surface of the cylinder at a temperature of about 350 degrees. You can't run a water-cooled engine at this temperature, because water boils at 212 degrees. The water must not boil. If it does the engine will overheat. Further: the only outlet for the hot dead gases in the water-cooled engine is the one exhaust valve at the top of the cylinder. This makes it hard to cool the cylinder. The Franklin air-cooled engine has, in addition to this valve, a large auxiliary exhaust near the bottom of each cylinder, which discharges 71 per cent. of the burnt gases immediately upon completion of the power stroke. The rest goes out through the other exhaust valve. This makes cooling easy. There is no water — nothing to boil. The Franklin air-cooled engine runs at a temperature high enough to get the most power out of the fuel yet it does not become too hot to work properly.

A water-cooling system requires a lot of apparatus — water-jackets, pipes, pump, radiator — a whole plumbing system, with supports to carry it. This apparatus is complicated and heavy. It may spring a leak any time. In winter, unless carefully protected, it freezes and bursts. This means trouble and expense and delay. Franklin air-cooling has nothing to leak nor freeze. It is the simple natural cooling system; effectual and free from weight and complication.

Any good automobile will give you pleasure. But which one will give you the most pleasure and the most service for what it costs?

Look at the facts.

The Franklin air-cooled engine gets more power out of the gasoline than a water-cooled engine, because it runs at a more efficient temperature. This means fuel economy right at the start.

The Franklin engine is lighter. There is no water-cooling apparatus. The whole automobile is lighter, as well as simpler and stronger. This means further fuel economy and an enormous saving of tires.

The weight of an automobile is what wears out tires and makes big bills. Only 5 per cent. increase in the weight of an automobile increases the tire-wear 15 per cent.

In the last Glidden tour, the Franklin was the only entrant that had no tire trouble.

The Franklin six-cylinder, seven passenger Model H — the most capable touring-car for American roads, is the only light-weight large automobile. It doesn't begin to use up tires as fast as the heavy water-cooled machines. And it is more comfortable.

It has the Franklin full-elliptic spring suspension and laminated wood frame. This combination takes up all road-shocks so that there is no jolting nor jarring. The easy riding saves the power and the machinery; and is delightfully comfortable for the passengers. Many people who can endure only a limited amount of riding in a steel-frame half-elliptic spring automobile, find they can ride all day — and day after day — in a Franklin, with comfort and enjoyment.

So the Franklin gives more mileage — more service in a day, and every day, on all sorts of roads.

There is more pleasure in driving any Franklin. It is easy to steer and manipulate. It does not strain nor tire you like driving a heavy automobile. It doesn't rack itself. Its standardized high-grade construction is the most durable known in any automobile. It is next to impossible to wear out a Franklin.

There is no leakage, no overheating — even in the hottest weather none of the care and fuss that are needed to keep a water-cooling system working.

In the Glidden tour and other contests the leaky radiators and over-heated motors were all on the water-cooled contestants. None of the four Franklin entrants had any such troubles. And Franklin automobiles have nothing to freeze. You can use any Franklin all the time summer or winter without trouble or bother. It gives you more service in a year.

An automobile is no longer a mere luxury. It is a family and business necessity — a service vehicle. It should be always comfortable and always ready.

What real comfort is there in a heavy automobile? How much satisfaction in one that you cannot use freely and readily every day in the year? Yet think what such an automobile costs to own and maintain.

Franklin automobiles, measured by quality, and by what they do, are the best automobile value you can buy.

Learn the facts before you buy.

Write for the new 40-page Franklin catalogue de luxe — the most informing automobile catalogue ever issued. Sent only on request.

G 18 H. P. touring-car $1850 Runabout with hamper $1750; with single or double rumble seat $1800
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Broughams, Landaulets, Limousines, Town Cars, Motor Cabs. Prices f. o. b. Syracuse.

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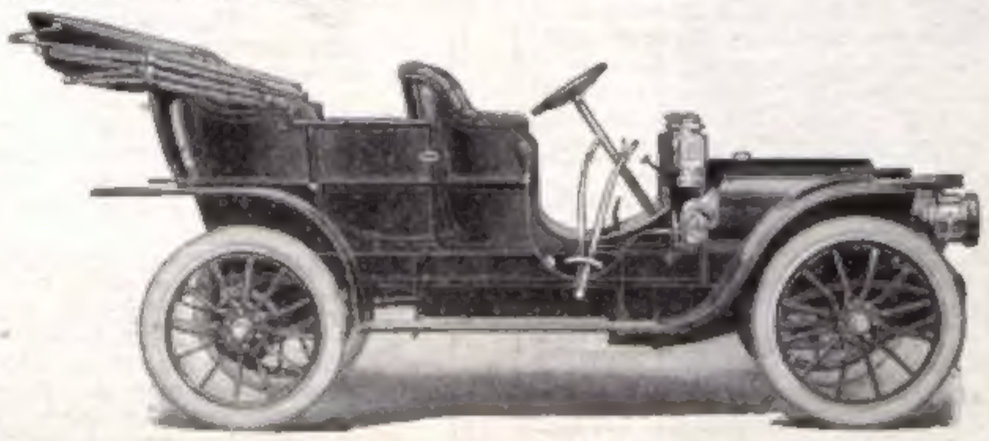
Model D is exactly what most automobilists want.—Not too large; not too small. Strong, fine, abundantly powerful; the very limit of comfort and ease of handling, and elegance. This is the only automobile that won perfect scores in all of the four greatest reliability contests ever held — the Glidden tour and the Bretton Woods, the Chicago and the Cleveland endurance runs.

With its easy-riding Franklin construction and its big wheels and tires, Model D does better work on American roads and gives more satisfaction than any heavy, water-cooled automobile, no matter how expensive. Model D is the ideal five passenger automobile.



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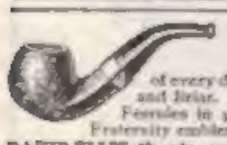

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The Editor's Column

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Leisure Class.

¶ If you think it a pity that there is no leisure class in New York, you are invited to take an afternoon off, put a flower in your buttonhole and be the class yourself. The silk-hatted ones you see in the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue are not it; they are merely hurrying to or from a wedding or funeral. Plenty of millionaires there are and no lack of the unemployed; but of the idle rich, none. Yet think of twenty thousand people simply living on their incomes; and with no taunt of the socialistic writer hurled at them; no hot invective from the yellow press. A city of leisure, with no poverty, no charitable organization, no collections for the poor taken up in the churches.

In our next week's issue Mr. Harrison Rhodes chats reminiscently of this real city of leisure, where the indolent class have little truck with new ideas; where they idle simply, not elegantly.

For Business Men.

¶ Sandy Macdowell's first job was to take up the two hundred dog-eared file-cards that represented the overdue accounts and dead beats of several years.

Six months later the credit man lost his job and Sandy had it.

Why?

The credit man had a perfect passion for form letters. Form letters (which mean routine) will collect good debts. But these two hundred were bad debts and had been given up; and Sandy collected all but a dozen.

Perhaps Sandy's method will not interest if you like only poetry and fiction; but the other few hundred thousands among our readers who are compelled by necessity or the joy of the game to dabble in business will find very much to their liking this lively paper by James H. Collins on *Collections: The Dead Beat and the Near Beat.*

Slang in England.

¶ Instead of condemning his American cousin for debasing the English language with raw and grotesque expressions, the Britisher, argues Harry Thurston Peck, should turn his eyes inward for a little self-examination. As a matter of fact, there is no country in the world where slang so saturates the speech of every class as in England. When Dante Gabriel Rossetti uses in his correspondence and conversation such expressions as collar and crib, bilk and swipe, bloke and cove, they are none the less slang, even though Rossetti's biographer mildly says that their use represents a taste for "strong vernacular expressions." From the university man to the lurking cut-throat, Professor Peck maintains, they use English that is not the English of a whole people, but rather the English of some class—that is to say, the sort of speech that is riddled through and through with slang—slang so familiar to the ears of the average Englishman that it seems linguistically pure.

That Irritating Husband!

¶ The nagging man, unlike the poet, is made, not born. He is the product of his domestic environment; the reflex of constant home friction. Pie, pickles and piety will develop nagging in a man, from dyspeptic as well as from psychic causes, argues Dr. William Lee Howard in *The Irritating Husband*, which will shortly appear in this magazine. To women Doctor Howard's further argument may not be lacking in interest: that some men have the feminine traits highly developed, and that it is the feminine—not effeminate—characteristics in this class of men that produce your male faultfinder.

What's a Few Cents

compared with *common sense* in buying and using a hot water bottle? For a few cents you can get one not fit to *lend your enemy*. With *common sense* you can get

Bailey's Good Samaritan Hot Water Bottle

that fits every part of the body, *soothes* instead of *irritates*, soft as a pillow to lie on, best quality of red rubber, *cloth lined*, and warranted for a year.

By buttoning the two ends together see what a perfect heater it makes for the feet, what a perfect form for throat troubles or to stand next to the body. It is the most comforting and practical Hot Water Bottle ever made.

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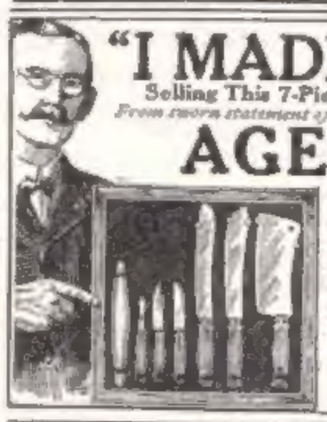

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The Artistic Temperament

IN THE AVIARY WITH THE SONG-BIRDS

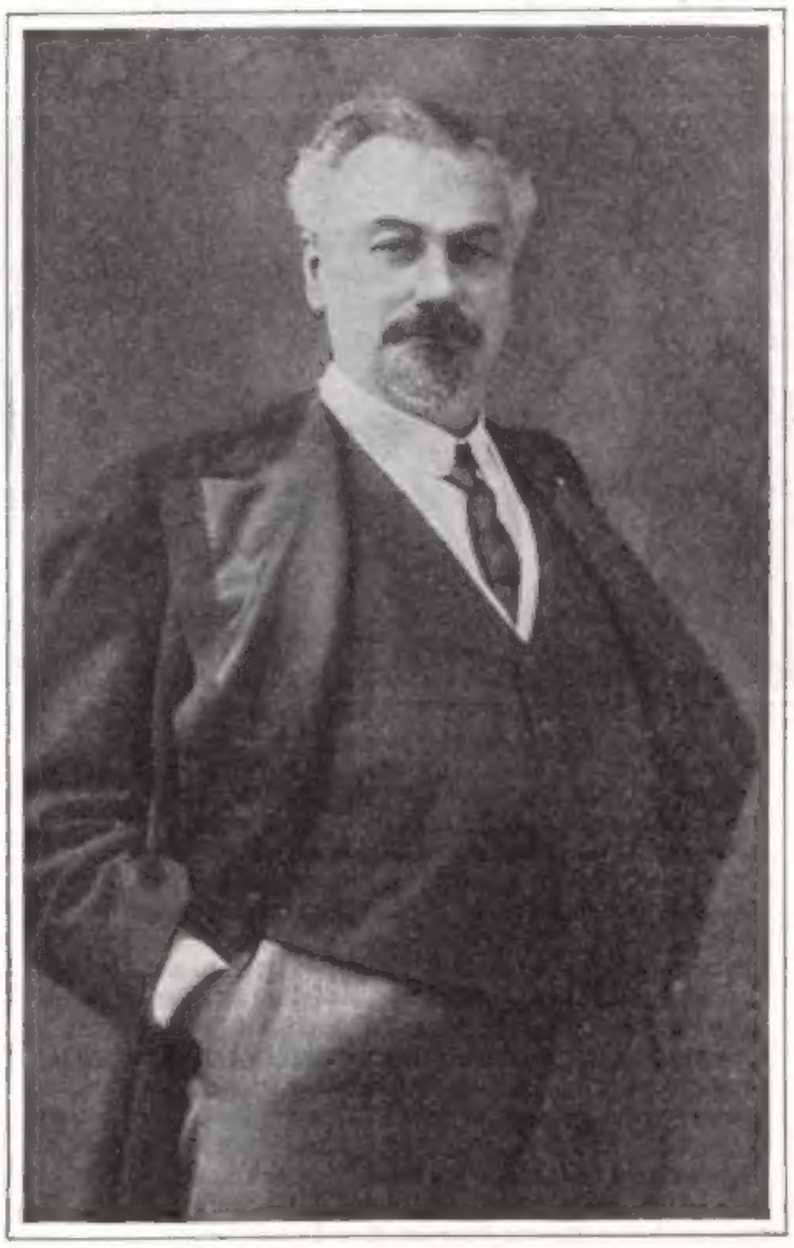
By Oscar Hammerstein

THE eminent writer who said that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains knew nothing of the trials of a grand opera director. Otherwise, he would have changed his phrase to make it read that genius, especially that part of it which finds expression in some grand opera stars, is merely an infinite capacity for *causing* pains. I have been a manager for twenty-five years and I have seen in that time every vicissitude, emotional, financial and otherwise, that besets my profession, but I have yet to know any state of mind that approaches that of most grand opera singers. I now realize that a course as alienist would have been a highly necessary part of the training for my present calling. It would at least have spared me some unnecessary flights with unreasoning stars to the highest realms of irresponsibility.

Whenever anything goes wrong in grand opera, from a false note in the orchestra to a chronic bad temper, the star lays it on the artistic temperament and expects that long-suffering, overworked Thing to explain and atone for the shortcoming. My own feeling, based on a long and strenuous experience, is that the artistic temperament is simply a form of insanity, usually temporary, but sometimes permanent. It has no sex, and, like an epidemic, is liable to break out at any moment.

I have no hesitancy in saying that, if some of the manifestations of the artistic temperament that have helped to divert me from sweetly solemn thoughts happened to the employer in any other business, he would either "fire" the source of it instantly, or take up another and less irritating occupation.

Wherever the director turns in grand opera he is sure to find among the stars a feeling or belief that there is a conspiracy afoot to undermine or underrate the singer in some way. This is one of the obsessions of the star, and, although it makes him or her very unhappy, they often seem to take peculiar delight in nursing it as some women nurse a secret sorrow. The interesting fact is that the greater the artist the greater is his or her fear that some hidden danger threatens voice or reputation. One reason for this is that the singer's whole stock-in-trade is the voice. When that is lost all is lost. The man in business has his business; the professional man, like an engineer or architect, has his technical knowledge of his profession. But with the grand opera singer the sole asset is the voice, which is a perishable thing. Thus a great part of the singer's life is spent in trying to ward off fancied dangers that might injure this precious asset. Being persons of highly-sensitized natures this fear becomes a sort of nightmare. Again, most singers know nothing else but singing. They realize that when their voices go they have nothing else but teaching to fall back on, and the supply of vocal teachers is greater than the demand. To ordinary, sane, physical precautions for the conservation of their voices they add every conceivable emotional or fancied form of conservation. When the director protests he is charged with being part of the conspiracy to detract.



Oscar Hammerstein

Alice Zepilli as the Mechanical Doll in The Tales of Hoffmann

The anxiety of the singer for his or her voice is but a sidelight on the anxiety for professional reputation. I have every sympathy with the desire of the star to maintain the integrity of her standing, but just why this desire should take such extraordinary shape I cannot understand. To understand fully what I have in mind it might be well, perhaps, for me to say that every great operatic artist considers herself greater than any other one. If the director does not agree with her he is sure to get into trouble. Any view other than the one which accords with that of the singer is regarded by the star as persecution.

Here is a case in point. Not long ago I asked Madame Tetrazzini, who is one of my greatest artists and who is absolutely assured of her position in New York and elsewhere, to sing the *coloratura* part in The Huguenots. It was a very small part, but she would have given it distinction and it was my intention to feature her in the production. When I suggested it to her she became indignant. She said: "I cannot sing a small part like that." One interesting feature is that I offered to pay her just as much for singing those seven minutes as if she had been required to sing for four hours. She could not see it that way. The danger, as she saw it, was not to her vocal cords, but to her reputation.

A short time after this incident with Madame Tetrazzini I assigned a well-known Italian singer to the part of the friar in Tosca. At the first rehearsal I saw at once that his voice was not big enough, so I put in Gilibert instead. The Italian who was superseded walked from the stage in tears and stood in the wings blubbering like an infant. He moaned: "My career is ruined." To his distorted imagination the fact of his having been superseded by Gilibert was to be announced from every housetop and cabled to all parts of the world. I noticed, however, that on the following Tuesday he was on hand in ample time to draw his pay-envelope from the treasurer. His purse lacked the artistic temperament.

In handling prima-donnas there is no precedent, for the simple reason that each one is a law unto herself. The women stars are bad enough; the men are often worse. Their vagaries would make the most hardened actor look like an amateur. One trouble with these artists is that they live their lives, not as they themselves think they should be led, but as they think the public would have them do. They are always dreaming about the public which they long to conquer and keep conquered.

There are many examples of this state of mind. I once cast Madame Zepilli for the part of the boy in Pelleas and Melisande. When I told her of it she was much offended. She said:

"I cannot sing that small part. I am engaged for the Opéra Comique in Paris. If they hear over there that I have sung the part of the boy in Pelleas they will think that I have lost my reputation and will cancel my engagement."

Madame Zepilli did not say anything about the weekly salary of two hundred and fifty dollars that she was drawing whether she sang or not. So I said to her:

"You will sing that part or you can go at once to the Opéra Comique. They are waiting for you."

She sang the part.

Many stars seldom think ahead, and the result is they have many heartaches which they might avoid. Last season, for instance, I brought over Mademoiselle Gerville-Reache, whom I discovered singing in a Paris café. I gave her a five-years' contract. She had a magnificent voice and only needed an

Charles Dalmores as Hoffmann in The Tales of Hoffmann

Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini

opportunity to show it. It happened that I also had Madame Cisneros under contract, and she also was an excellent artist, a mezzo-soprano. Her contract was only for one season, so I put her on often and in good parts. Meanwhile Mademoiselle Gerville-Reache ate out her heart, not realizing that she was drawing salary all the time and had a five-years' contract. This year when I cast her for Delilah, in Samson and Delilah, her great chance came and she proved a sensation.

Yet many stars never see the things they really ought to see, especially in themselves. When a singer appears before half an audience, or a very unresponsive audience, she at once concludes that her failure is due to a conspiracy between the director and the public, quite forgetting the fact that her success means the director's success. She will believe that a green cat walked across the stage and hoodooed the performance; or that a window is open at the right when it ought to be closed on the left; or that the stage carpenter hammered on purpose during her big solo; or that the conductor made faces at her; or that, by remarkable manipulation, the director caused it to rain before the performance, and the audience, as a result, got wet and in bad humor. She will rack her brain for every impossible reason for her failure instead of trying to find out the real cause, which is herself. In all my experience I have never heard a star say frankly, "I am bad in this part."

The artistic temperament works in a mysterious way its anxieties to produce. This makes me think of my experiences last season with Bassi. Toward the close of the season it was evident that his voice was not holding out, yet he would not believe it. When I told him that I would not renew his contract he behaved like a peevish child.

Nordica has given me some anxious moments, for she has a large and finely-assorted artistic temperament. The real reason for her abrupt retirement from my forces last season was the fact that one day Campanini, my conductor, smoked a cigar at rehearsal. Madame Nordica on that occasion told the head stage carpenter that no first-class conductor would smoke in the presence of a great artist like her.

The perversity of some stars is amazing. Take the case of Bonci. I brought him over and advertised him like a circus. When I wanted him to learn new parts he steadily refused, because he said that he had a peculiar voice and that it was only adapted to a few operas. This very perversity may keep him from being a very great artist.

Operatic Hoodoos and Mascots

AFTER all it gets back to what I tried to emphasize earlier in this article: that artists never realize when they have become "has-beens," to use the ordinary, impressive, if not elegant, phrase. They never think of "retiring," for they are not of the retiring kind. Like love, the artistic temperament is blind.

Not content with having an artistic temperament so sensitive that an imaginary breath will ruffle it, the grand opera star adds to it a most extraordinary superstition. It finds expression in astonishing ways.

Madame Tetrazzini, for example, will not go on for a performance until she has dropped a dagger into the floor three times. If it sticks each time it is a good omen, and she feels that she will sing well and have big success. If not it disturbs her during the whole opera.

Mademoiselle Trentini will not go on the stage until I have given her a quarter. She carries it during the performance. I might add that she saves the quarters.

Madame Donalda, who sang with me last season, never went on without tearing a button off her clothes for good luck. This curious habit may be due to the fact that she was a tailor's daughter. At any rate, she was the despair of the wardrobe mistress.

Zenatello carries a rabbit's foot when he sings. Once he forgot it and had a bad case of nerves. He has the same faith in its good-luck virtues as has a Southern negro.

Some opera stars knock on the scenery before going on. I might add that they are accomplished "knockers" in other directions, too. Others stamp on the floor three times. A curious superstition among them relates to the color of green. Many grand opera stars avoid this color as if it were poison. They won't wear green costumes and detest operas with green rooms or palaces. They simply regard the color as a sort of hoodoo.

One of the most amusing cases of superstition happened early this season. I put on a very elaborate production of The Juggler of Notre Dame, which was a great novelty in this country. My stage manager was abroad, so I personally superintended the production. It happens that the scene of the second act is a monastery garden inclosed by a massive wall. The time is in the afternoon and it is supposed to be very hot. I thought it would add to the effectiveness of the scene if I could have live pigeons perched on the wall in the sunlight. At first I wanted doves, but couldn't get just the kind I wanted, so I took pigeons. I got one of my machinists to fasten the birds with strings so that they would be held back in case they started to fly. The whole feature I believed would add greatly to the realism of the scene.

Finally the dress rehearsal came. The first act went off all right. Then the curtain rose on the second act, disclosing the birds perched on the garden wall. Campanini had swung the orchestra into the music and his baton was flying. Suddenly he looked up and saw the stage. Down came the baton with a flash, the music stopped, and he yelled up to me: "The pigeons! The pigeons!"

"What of them?" I asked.

"They are bad luck, they will ruin the opera."

At this moment Renaud came rushing on. When he spied the innocent birds roosting on the wall he cried out in alarm: "The pigeons! Bad luck, bad luck!"

Mary Garden as The Juggler of Notre Dame

Between Campanini, Renaud and the rest of the foreigners present such an outcry was raised that I had to take the birds off. Mary Garden, who is in this cast, was about the only singer of note who made no protest against the unhappy pigeons. Yet the Italians and French could not tell me why they had such a prejudice against the birds, save to say that they were bad luck in the theatre.

Whether it is a manifestation of the artistic temperament or not, the foreign grand opera singer as a rule is just about the most penurious person in the world. One reason, perhaps, for this is that all Europe is penurious. Many big stars come from humble beginnings and they never lose the effect of their early environment. Most of these singers regard the franc or the mark as the symbol of value. When they get to America and find that a dollar means four or five francs or marks they regard it as a coin of great wealth and are very shy about parting with it.

The American, on the other hand, is raised in a different atmosphere. To him or her a dollar is just a dollar, a thing to be spent. He believes in his ability to make more money, and this idea has its effect on the Americans who prepare for grand opera.

There is no better illustration, possibly, than in my choruses, which contain both foreigners and Americans. The foreigners are economical to a fault. There are Italians among them who live in New York on one dollar a week. The rest of their salary is stowed away to be sent home to Italy.

The American girls in my chorus spend freely what they earn. They get their pay on Tuesday, and on Tuesday you will see them show up with a new hat or a new frock or a fresh waist. At the end of the season they are well dressed but have no money.

The penuriousness extends to the stars of foreign birth. I have one artist who has one of the biggest parts in one of my greatest productions this season. She makes a very good salary, yet she lives in a small French *pension* on Seventh Avenue which does not cost her more than twelve dollars a week for room and board. I have a French *danseuse* who gets four hundred dollars a week. She lives in a seven-dollar-a-week *pension*. Some foreign artists will haggle over having to pay a dollar and a half for a piano score.

The big stars of American birth are good spenders. One of them, who makes from sixty to seventy thousand dollars in the course of a year, never has a cent at the end of the year. She believes in living well, in having fine clothes and jewels, and she has the American confidence that she can earn all she needs any time.

The stars of American birth are jollier than their foreign contemporaries. This is due in the main to their early life. Sometimes the foreign star never forgets her origin, as in the case of one prima-donna who sang with me last season. Her father had been a second-hand tailor, and the atmosphere of his shop seemed to cling to her with peculiar tenacity. Whenever she wanted me to do her a favor she talked to me as her father had talked to a prospective customer. She stroked the lapels of my coat, rubbed down the creases, and every moment I expected her to say, "It fits like the paper on the wall."

I have only sketched the border of the troubles of a grand opera impresario. Between the artist's penurious instincts on one hand, and his or her fear of a conspiracy on the other, and with the artistic temperament planted between, his troubles are legion. I have no fear of contradiction when I say that my job is the hardest in the world, for the reason that singers, taken as a class, are, perhaps, the most irritable people. The director never knows, on the very eve of a great and costly production, just which one of his stars is going to have an attack of temperament, mind or matter, and withdraw from the cast at the very critical moment when he most needs her.

Handling the Songbirds

I BELIEVE a grand opera director must be born. He cannot be made. The reason why men fail at this strenuous calling is that they are not fitted by nature for the tremendous demands made upon them. Since no two operatic singers are exactly alike, it follows that no two sets of troubles which they start are precise twins. You cannot handle Melba in the same way that you handle Tetrazzini, and you must adopt a manner with Mary Garden that is different from that employed with Labia.

The secret of handling big operatic stars, artistic temperament and all, is to commiserate with them. I appreciate their natures, their temperament and their illusions. I simply put myself in their place.

Not long ago, just before the curtain went up on my production of Samson and Delilah, Dalmores, who sings the part of Samson, came to me saying that he had a cold and couldn't go on. I knew that it was largely imagination and I told him so very gently. After the first act he declared that he simply could not sing. "The public will think I am a failure." I knew that the public was not thinking any such thing, but, in order to please him, I had the stage manager make a speech before the curtain saying that the indulgence of the audience was craved for Dalmores, who was suffering from a cold. The very knowledge of this caused him to brace up and he sang splendidly.

No amount of profit could induce me to be a grand opera director. I hold that there is a certain public spirit in the promotion of it. That is why I do not look for profit. What I try to do is to prevent losses. This is one reason why the operas which I produce have no equal in the world. You cannot have realism in opera (save in the temperament of the singers) and be penurious.

Also, I might fervently add, you cannot have great singers without many troubles. As I look back over my stormy managerial career and see the jagged holes worn in it by the demands of the artistic temperament, I feel like paraphrasing those lines in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, and make them read:

The fault, Dear Public, is not in ourselves,
But in our STARS, that we are underlings.

Contessa Maria Labia

Mr. Baldwin's Political Education

ELDER BROTHER IS THE INSPIRATION OF A GREAT IDEA

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IF HICKEY had not been woefully weak in mathematics the famous Fed and Anti-Fed riots would probably never have happened. But as revolutions turn on minor axes, Hickey, who could follow a football like a hound, could not for the life of him trace *x*, the unknown factor, through the hedges of the simplest equation.

It was, therefore, with feelings of the acutest interest that he waited, in the upper corridor of Memorial Hall, on the opening morning of the scholastic year, for the appearance of Mr. Baldwin, the new recruit to the mathematics department. The Hall was choked with old boys chattering over the doings of the summer vacation, calling back and forth, punching one another affectionately or critically examining the new arrivals who, ill at ease and solitary, stood aloof.

"His name is Ernest Garrison Baldwin," said the Gutter Pup. "Just graduated, full of honors and all that."

"He ought to be easy," said Crazy Opdyke hopefully.

"These mathematical sharks are always fancy markers," said "Doc."

"If I'm stuck in the first row," said the Egghead gloomily, "it's all up—I never could do anything with figures."

"If we want short lessons," said Hickey, waking out of his revery, "we've all got to flunk in the beginning."

At this Machiavellian analysis there was a chorus of assent.

"Sure."

"Hickey's the boy!"

"Red Dog and Poler Fox have got to be kept down."

"We're not pack-horses."

"Say, is he green?"

"Sure—never taught before."

"Cheese it, cheese it—he's coming."

"After All, the First Year, Baldwin, We Learn More Than We Teach"

The group stood aside, intent on the arrival of the new adversary. They saw a stiff young man, already bald, with a set, affable manner and a pervading smile of cordiality, who entered the classroom with a confident step, after a nodded:

"Ah, boys—good-morning!"

The class filed in, eying the natural enemy closely for the first indications of value to aid them in the approaching conflicts.

"He's awfully serious," said the Egghead.

"He'll try to drive us," replied Macnooder.

Hickey said nothing, absorbed in contemplation of a momentous question—how would the new master hear recitations? To solve a master's system is to be prepared in advance, and with the exception of the Roman's there was not a system which he had not solved. Popular masters, like Pa Dater, called you up every third day, which is eminently just and conducive to a high standard of scholarship. The Muffin Head, in stealthy craftiness, had a way of calling you up twice in succession after you had flunked and were expecting a brief period of immunity, but this system once solved gave ample opportunity to redeem yourself. The Doctor, wiser than the rest, wrote each name on a card, shuffled the pack and called for a recitation according to chance—but even the Doctor left the pack on his desk, nor counted the cards as all careful players should. Other masters, like Tapping and Baronson, trusted to their intuitions, seizing upon the boy whose countenance betrayed a lurking apprehension. Hickey took kindly to this method and had thrived amazingly, by noticeable gazing out of the window, which invariably procured him a staccato summons to recite just as the recitation neared the limited portion he had studied.

So Hickey sat, examining Mr. Baldwin, and speculating into which classification he would fall.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Baldwin with an expanding smile, "we're beginning the new year. I hope you'll like me—I know I shall like you. I'm quite a boy myself—quite a boy, you know. Now I'm going ahead on a new principle. I'm going to assume that you all take an interest in your work" (the class sat up). "I'm going to assume that you look upon life with seriousness and purpose. I'm going to assume that you realize the sacrifices your parents are making to afford you an education. I'm not here as a taskmaster. I'm here to help you, as your friend, as your companion—as an elder brother—that's it, as an elder brother. I hope our interest in one another will not be limited to this classroom."

Hickey and the Egghead, who had prominently installed themselves in the front seats, led the applause with serious, responsive faces. Mr. Baldwin acknowledged it, noticing pleasantly the leaders of the demonstration.

Then he rapped for order and began to call the roll, seating the boys alphabetically. He ran rapidly through the F's, the G's and H's, and, pausing, inquired:

"Are there any J's in the class?"

At this excruciatingly witty remark, which every master annually blunders upon, the waiting class roared in unison, while Hinsdale was forced to slap Hickey mercilessly on the back to save him from violent hysterics.

Mr. Baldwin, who suddenly perceived he had made a pun, hastily assumed a roguish expression and allowed a considerable moment for the laughter to die away. The session ended in a gale of cordiality.

Hickey and the Egghead paid a visit that afternoon to the Griswold, to make the new arrival feel quite at home.

"Ah, boys," said Mr. Baldwin, with a wringing handshake, "this is very friendly of you, very friendly."

"Mr. Baldwin," said Hickey seriously, "we were very much interested in what you said to us this morning."

"Indeed," said Baldwin, gratified. "Well, that pleases me very much. And I am glad to see that you take me at my word, and I hope you will drop in often. There are lots of things I want to talk over with you."

"Yes, sir," said the Egghead. "It's very kind of you."

"Not at all," said Baldwin, with a wave of his hand. "My theory is that a master should be your companion, and I have one or two ideas about education I am anxious to have my boys interested in. Now, for instance, take politics; what do you know about politics?"

"Why, nothing," said Hickey in acquiescent surprise.

"And yet that is the most vital thing you will have to face as men. Here's a great national election approaching, and yet I am certain not one in four hundred of you has any clear conception of the political system."

"That's so, Egghead," said Hickey, nodding impressively at his companion. "It *is* so."

"I have a scheme I'm going to talk over with you," continued Baldwin, "and I want your advice. Sit down."

Later in the afternoon Mr. Baronson, Baldwin's superior in the Griswold, dropped in with a friendly inquiry. Young Mr. Baldwin was gazing out of the window in indulgent amusement. Mr. Baronson, following his gaze, beheld, in the far campus, Hickey and the Egghead rolling over each other like two trick bears.

"Well, Baldwin, how goes it?" said Baronson genially.

"Splendidly. The boys are more than friendly. We shall get on famously."

"'*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,'" said Baronson.

"Oh ——" Baldwin objected.

"Yes, yes—I'm an old fogy—old style," said Baronson, cutting in; "but it's based on good scientific researches, Baldwin. I just dropped in for a hint or two, which you won't pay attention to—never mind. When you've lived with the young, human animal as long as I have, you won't have any illusions. He doesn't want to be enlightened. He hasn't the slightest desire to be educated. He isn't educated. He never will be. His memory simply retains, for a short while, a larger and larger number of facts—Latin, Greek, history, mathematics, it's all the same—facts, nothing but facts. He remembers when he is compelled to, but he is supremely bored by the performance. All he wants is to grow, to play and to get into sufficient mischief. My dear fellow, treat him as a splendid young savage, who breaks a rule for the joy of matching his wits against yours, and don't take him seriously, as you are in danger of doing. Don't let him take you seriously or he will lead you to a cropper."

Ernest Garrison Baldwin did not deign to reply—the voice of the older generation, of course! He was of the new, he would replace old prejudices with new methods. There were a great many things in the world he intended to change—among others this whole antagonistic spirit of education. So he remained silent.

Baronson studied him, saw the workings of his mind.

"Never were at boarding-school, were you?" he asked.

"No," said Baldwin dryly.

Baronson gave a glance at the study, remarked the advanced note in the shelves, and went to the door.

"After all," he said, with his hand on the knob, "the first year, Baldwin, we learn more than we teach."

II

"GEE! I think it's an awful bore," said the Gutter Pup. "I don't see it either," said the Egghead.

"Who started it?" asked Turkey Reiter.

"Hickey and Elder Brother Baldwin," said the Egghead. "Hickey's improving his stand."

"Hickey, boy," said Butcher Stevens professionally, "you are consorting with awful low company."

"Hickey, you are getting to be a greasy grind," said the Gutter Pup.

"I am, am I?" said Hickey indignantly. "I'd like to know if I'm not a patriot. I'd like to know if I'm not responsible for the atmosphere of brotherly love and the dove of peace that floats around Baldwin's classroom. I'd like to know if I'm not responsible for his calling us up alphabetically, regular order, every other day, no suspicion, perfect trust—mutual confidence. Am I right?"

"You are right, Hickey, you are right," said Turkey apologetically. "The binomial theorem is a delight and a joy, when, as you say, the master has mutual trust in the scholar. But where in blazes, Hickey, did you get this political shindy into your thinker?"

"It's Elder Brother's theory of education," said Hickey carefully—"*one* of his theories. Elder Brother is very much distressed at the ignorance, the political ignorance, of the modern boy. Brother is right."

"Come off," said the Egghead, glancing at him suspiciously, but Hickey maintained a serious face.

"What's up?" said Macnooder, sauntering over to the crowd on the lawn.

"Hickey's fixed up a plan with Brotherly Love to have a political campaign," said the Gutter Pup, "and is trying to rouse our enthusiasm."

"A campaign here in the school, in the Lawrenceville School!" said Macnooder incredulously.

"The same!"

"No? I won't believe it. It's a dream—it's a beautiful, satisfying dream," said Macnooder, shaking his head. "A political campaign in the school; Hickey, my bounding boy, I see your cunning hand!"

"Now Doc's gone nutty," said the unimaginative Egghead. "What the deuce do you see in it?"

"Hickey, you old, rambunctious, foxy Hickey, I knew something was brewing," said Doc, not deigning to notice the Egghead. "You have been quiet, most quiet of late. Hickey, how did you do it?"

"Sympathy, Doc," said Hickey blandly. "I've been most sympathetic with Elder Brother, sympathetic and most encouraging. Sympathy is a beautiful thing, Doc, beautiful and rare."

"Hickey, don't torture me with curiosity," said Doc. "Where are we at?"

"At the present moment, Brother is asking the Doctor for permission to launch the campaign, and the sympathetic, popular and serious Hickey Hicks is proceeding to select a preliminary conference committee."

"And what then?" said Turkey with sudden interest.

"What then?" said Hickey, "Bonfires, parades, stump speeches, proclamations, et cetera, et ceteray."

"Oh, Hickey," said the now enthusiastic Gutter Pup, "do you think the Doctor ever will permit it?"

"What's the use of getting excited?" said the Egghead contemptuously. "You don't fancy for a moment, do you, there's a chance of fooling the Doctor?"

"Sure, Egghead's right," said Butcher Stevens; "you won't get the Doctor to bite. Baldwin is green, but the Doctor is quite ripe, thank you!"

Even Macnooder looked dubiously at Hickey, who assumed an air of superhuman wisdom and answered:

"I have two chances, Baldwin and the De-coy Ducks!"

"The what?"

"Decoy Ducks; the committee that will confer to-morrow afternoon with the Doctor."

Turkey emitted a long, admiring whistle.

"I have given the matter thought—serious thought, as Baldwin would say," said Hickey. "The following collection of Archangels and young High Markers will be rounded up for the Doctor's inspection to-morrow."

"As Decoy Ducks?"

"As Decoy Ducks, you intelligent Turkey. High Markers: Red Dog, Poler Fox, Biddy Hampton and Ginger Pop Rooker, Wash Simmons—the Doctor would feed out of Wash's hand—Crazy Opdyke—he reads Greek like Jules Verne. Everything must be done to make this a strictly ed-u-cational affair. Now to demonstrate that it has the sanction of the religious elements of this community the following notorious and flagrant Archangels will qualify: Halo Brown, Pink Rabbit, Parson Eddy, the Saphead and the Coffee Cooler—the Doctor is real affectionate with the Coffee Cooler."

"What a beoo-ti-ful bunch!" said the Gutter Pup rapturously.

"It is," said Hickey proudly; "the Doctor would let any one of them correct his own examination papers and then raise the mark on the ground of overconscientiousness."

"Well, where's the fun?" said the Egghead obstinately, "If Crazy Opdyke and that bunch is to run the campaign, where do we come in?"

"There will be a small preliminary representation of professional politicians," said Hickey, smiling, "very small at present, limited to the handsome and popular Hickey Hicks, who will represent the large body of professional politicians detained at home by serious application, but ——"

"But what?" said Macnooder.

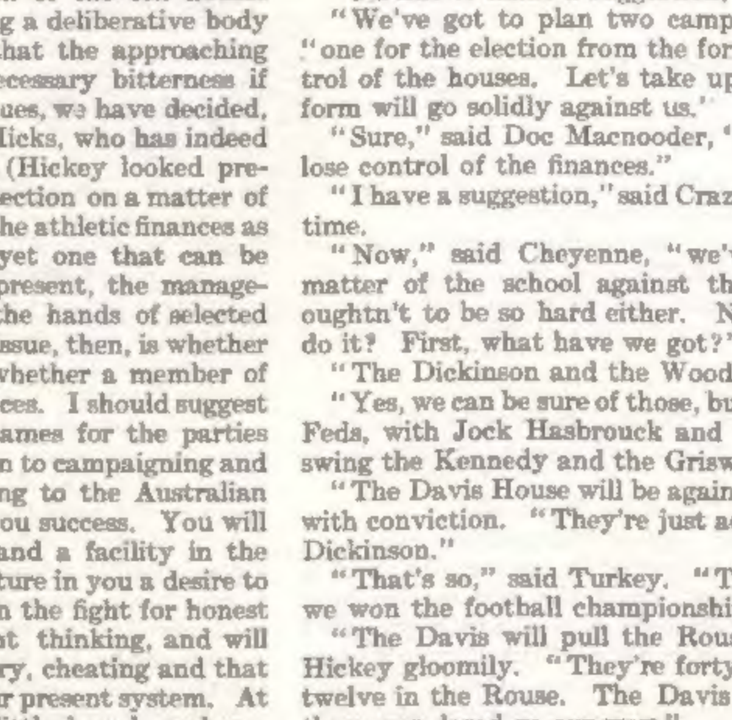
"But who will find time to ac-tively assist this quiet, orderly campaign of education, *after* their presence will not be misunderstood!"

III

AT HALF-PAST one the next day, the Doctor, sympathetically inclined by the enthusiastic, if inexperienced, Mr. Baldwin, received the Decoy Ducks in his study at Foundation House.

The Doctor, while interested, had not been convinced, and had expressed a desire to know into whose guidance the nurturing of such a tender plant had been intrusted. As the impressive gathering defiled before him, his instinctive caution vanished, his glance warmed with satisfaction, and assuming the genial and conversational attitude he reserved for his favorites he began:

"Well, boys, this appears to be a responsible gathering, an unusually responsible one. It is gratifying to see you approaching such subjects with serious purpose and earnestness. It is gratifying that the leaders of this school" (here his glance rested fondly on Wash Simmons, Crazy Opdyke and the Coffee Cooler, prominently placed) "that the earnest, purposeful boys show this interest in the political welfare of the nation. Mr. Baldwin's plan seems to me to be a most excellent one. I am in hearty accord with its motive. We cannot begin too soon to interest the youth, the intelligent, serious youth of our country, in honest government and clean political methods." (Hickey, in noble effacement by the window-seat, here gazed dreamily over the campus to the red circle of houses.) "Much can be accomplished from the earnest and purposeful pursuit of this instructive experiment. The experiment should be educational in the largest sense; the more I study it the more worthy it appears. I should not be surprised if your experiment should attract the consideration of the educational world. Mr. Baldwin, it gives me pleasure to express to you my thanks and my gratification for the authorship of so worthy an undertaking. I will leave you to a discussion of the necessary details."



"When You Leave Lawrenceville You Will Not be Weak in—Mathematics"

"Well, boys," said Baldwin briskly, "let me briefly outline the plan agreed upon. The election shall be for a school council, before which legislation affecting the interests of the school shall come. Each of the four forms shall elect two representatives, each of the ten houses shall elect one representative, making a deliberative body of eighteen. In view of the fact that the approaching national election might inject unnecessary bitterness if the election should be on national issues, we have decided, on the very excellent suggestion of Hicks, who has indeed given many valuable suggestions" (Hickey looked preternaturally solemn), "to have the election on a matter of school policy, and have settled upon the athletic finances as an issue of sufficient interest and yet one that can be calmly and orderly discussed. At present, the management of the athletic finances is in the hands of selected officers from the fourth form. The issue, then, is whether this method shall be continued or whether a member of the Faculty shall administer the finances. I should suggest Federalist and Anti-Federalist as names for the parties you will form. One week will be given to campaigning and the election will take place according to the Australian Ballot System. Now, boys, I wish you success. You will acquire a taste for public combat and a facility in the necessary art of politics that will nurture in you a desire to enter public life, to take your part in the fight for honest politics, clean methods, independent thinking, and will make you foes of intimidation, bribery, cheating and that demagoguery that is the despair of our present system. At present you may be indifferent, a little bored, perhaps, at this experiment, but you will like it—I am sure. I prophesy it will interest you once you get started."

Hickey lingered after the meeting to explain that the duties incident to the organizing of such an important undertaking had unfortunately deprived him of the time necessary to prepare his advanced algebra.

"Well, that is a little matter we'll overlook, Hicks," said the enthusiast genially. "I congratulate you on your selection, an admirable committee, one that inspires confidence. Keep me in touch with developments."

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Good luck."

"Thank you, sir."

A half-hour later Hickey announced the addition of the following professional politicians: Tough McCarthy, Doc Macnooder, The Triumphant Egghead, Slugger Jones, Turkey Reiter, Cheyenne Baxter, Jock Hasbrouck, Butcher Stevens, Rock Bemis and Bat Greer.

The reënforced committee then met, divided equitably, and having tossed for sides, announced their organization:

FEDERALIST PARTY
Chairman: THE HON. TOUGH MCCARTY
Vice-Chairman: THE HON. GINGER POP ROOKER

ANTI-FEDERALIST PARTY
Chairman: HON. CHEYENNE BAXTER
Vice-Chairman: HON. HICKEY HICKS

IV

THE school was at first apathetic, then mildly interested. The scheme was examined with suspicion as perhaps being a veiled attempt of the Faculty to increase the already outrageous taxes on the mind. It looked prosy enough at first glance—perhaps an attempt to revive the interest in debating and so to be fiercely resisted.

For an hour the great campaign for political education hung fire and then suddenly it began to catch on. A few leading imaginations had seen the latent possibilities. In another hour apathy had disappeared and every house was discussing the momentous question whether to go Fed or Anti-Fed.

The executive committee of the Anti-Fed party met immediately, on a call from the Honorable Cheyenne Baxter, in the Triumphant Egghead's rooms for organization and conference.

"We've got the short end of it, all right, all right," said Butcher Stevens gloomily. "The idea of our standing up for the Faculty."

"That's right, Cheyenne," said Turkey, shaking his head. "We'll be left high and dry."

"We won't carry any house outside the Dickinson and the Woodhull," said Slugger Jones.

"I'd like to make a suggestion," said Crazy Opdyke.

"We've got to plan two campaigns," said Cheyenne, "one for the election from the forms and one for the control of the houses. Let's take up the forms—the fourth form will go solidly against us."

"Sure," said Doc Macnooder, "because if we win they lose control of the finances."

"I have a suggestion," said Crazy Opdyke for the second time.

"Now," said Cheyenne, "we've got to make this a matter of the school against the fourth form, and it oughtn't to be so hard either. Now, how're we going to do it? First, what have we got?"

"The Dickinson and the Woodhull," said Hickey.

"Yes, we can be sure of those, but that's all. Now, those Feds, with Jock Hasbrouck and Tough McCarthy, will swing the Kennedy and the Griswold."

"The Davis House will be against us," said Macnooder, with conviction. "They're just aching to get back at the Dickinson."

"That's so," said Turkey. "They're still sore because we won the football championship."

"The Davis will pull the Rouse House with it," said Hickey gloomily. "They're forty in the Davis and only twelve in the Rouse. The Davis would mangle them if they ever dared go our way."

"We've got to counteract that by getting the Green," said Cheyenne. "They're only ten there, but it makes a vote. The fight'll be in the Hamill and the Cleve."

"The Cleve is sore on us," said Turkey of the Dickinson, "because we swiped the ice cream last year for their commencement dinner."

"I've got an idea," said Opdyke, trying to be heard.

"Shut up, Crazy," said Doc. "You've served your purpose; you're a Decoy Duck and nothing else."

"Harmony!" said Cheyenne warningly. "The way to get the Green is to give Butsey White, down there, the nomination from the second form, if he'll swing the house."

"And put up Bronc Andrews in the Hamill," added Macnooder.

"Where do I come in?" said Crazy Opdyke, who had aspirations.

"You subordinate yourself to the success of your party," said Cheyenne.

"The devil I do," said Opdyke. "If you think I'm a negro delegate, you've got another think coming. I may be a Decoy Duck, but either I'm made chairman of the Finance Committee or I lead a bolt right out of this convention."

"A Finance Committee?" said Butcher Stevens, mystified.

"Sure," said Cheyenne Baxter. "That's most important."

"I'll take that myself, then," said Macnooder aggressively. "I'd like to know what claim Crazy's got to a position of trust and responsibility."

"Claim or no claim," said Opdyke, pulling his hat over his eyes and tilting back, "either I handle the funds of this campaign or the Anti-Federalist party begins to split."

"Goo-Goo," Repeated Doc Sadly. "Goo-Goo and Apron-Strings"

"Shall a half-plucked rooster from the Cleve House hold up this convention?" said Wash Simmons militantly. "If we're going to be black-jacked by every squid that comes down the road, *I'm* going to get out."

"I have spoken," said Crazy.

"So have I."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," protested the Honorable Cheyenne Baxter, "we must have harmony."

"Rats!" said Opdyke. "I demand a vote."

"I insist upon it," said Wash.

The vote was taken and Macnooder was declared chairman of the Finance Committee. Crazy Opdyke arose and made them a profound bow.

"Gentlemen, I have the honor of bidding you farewell," he said loftily. "The voice of freedom has been stifled. This great party is in the hands of commercial interests and private privilege. This is nothing but a Dickinson House sinecure. I retire, I withdraw, I shake the dust from my feet. I depart, but I shall not sleep, I shall not rest, I shall neither forget nor forgive. Remember, gentlemen of the Anti-Federalist party, this hour, and when in the stillness of the night you hear the swish of the poisoned arrow, the swirl of the tomahawk, the thud of the secret stone, pause and say to yourself, 'Crazy Opdyke done it!'"

"It is unfortunate," said Cheyenne when Crazy had departed, "most unfortunate, but that's politics."

"Crazy has no influence," said Wash contemptuously.

"He has our secrets," said Cheyenne gloomily.

"Let's get to work," said Macnooder. "You can bet Tough McCarthy's on the job; his father's an alderman."

At six o'clock the campaign was off with a rush. At seven the head master, all unsuspecting, stepped out from Foundation House, cast one fond glance at the familiar school, reposing peacefully in the twilight, and departed to carry the message of increased liberty in primary education to a waiting conference at Boston. Shortly after, a delegation of the school Faculty, who had just learned of the prospective campaign, hurried over in amazed, indignant and incredulous protest. They missed the head master by ten minutes—but ten minutes make history.

V

"JIMINY crickets!"

"Suffering Moses!"

"Call Hickey!"

"Tell Hickey!"

"Hickey, stick your head out the window."

Hickey, slumbering peacefully, in that choicest period between the rising bell and breakfast, leaped to the middle of the floor at the uproar that suddenly resounded through the Dickinson.

He thrust his head out of the window and beheld from the upper windows of the Griswold an immense white sheet sagging in the breeze, displaying in crude red-flannel letters the following device:

NO APRON-STRINGS FOR US
THE FEDERAL PARTY
WILL FIGHT TO THE END
FACULTY USURPATION

Hardly had his blinking eyes become accustomed to the sight when a fresh uproar broke out on the other side of the Dickinson.

"Hully Gee!"

"Look at the Kennedy!"

"Great cats and little kittens!"

"Snakes alive!"

"Look at the Kennedy, will you!"

"Hickey, oh you, Hickey!"

At the sound of Macnooder's voice in distress, Hickey realized the situation was serious and rushed across the hall. He found Macnooder with stern and belligerent gaze fixed out of the window. From the Kennedy House another banner displayed this amazing proclamation:

DOWN WITH THE GOO-GOOS
LAWRENCEVILLE SHALL NOT BE
A KINDERGARTEN.
RALLY TO THE FEDERALISTS
AND DOWN THE DICKINSON GOO-GOOS

Hickey looked at Macnooder, Macnooder at Hickey.

"Goo-Goo," said Hickey, grieved.

"Goo-Goo," repeated Doc sadly. "Goo-Goo and Apron-strings. Hickey, my boy, we have got to be up and doing."

"Doc," said Hickey, "that's Tough McCarthy's work. We never ought to have let him get away from us."

"Hickey, we must nail the lie," said Doc solemnly.

"The Executive Committee of the Anti-Fed party will meet in my rooms," said Hickey determinedly, "directly after first recitation. We have been caught napping by a gang of ballot stuffers, but we will come back—Doc, we *will* come back!"

The Executive Committee met with stern and angry resolve, like battling football players between the halves of a desperate game.

"Fellows," said Hickey, "while we have slept the enemy has been busy. We are muts and the original pie-faced mut is yours truly."

"No, Hickey, if there's going to be a competition for muts," said Cheyenne Baxter, "I'm the blue ribbon."

"Before we bestow any more bouquets," said Macnooder sarcastically, "let's examine the situation. Let's see the worst. The Feds have the jump on us. They've raised the cry of 'Apron-strings' on us, and it's going to be a mighty hard one to meet."

"We'll never answer it," said the gloomy Egghead; "we're beaten now. It's a rotten issue and a rotten game."

At this moment the Gutter Pup rushed in like a white fuzzy dog, his eyes bulging with importance as he delivered the bombshell, that Crazy Opdyke had organized a Mugwump party and carried the Cleve House for it.

"No."

"A Mugwump party!"

"What the deuce is he up to?"

"Order," said Hickey, stilling the tumult with a shoe vigorously applied to a wash-basin. "This meeting is not a bunch of undertakers. We are here to save the party."

"Hickey's right," said Turkey; "let's get down to business."

"First," said Hickey, "let's have reports. What has Treasurer Macnooder to report?"

Hush, Hush, Make No Noise, Baldwin is the King of the Goo-Goos

The Mark Hanna of the campaign rose, tightened his belt, adjusted his glasses, and announced amid cheers that the Finance Committee had to report sixty-two dollars and forty cents in promissory notes, twelve dollars and thirty-eight cents in cash, three tennis rackets, two jerseys, one dozen caps, a bull's-eye lantern (loaned) and a Flobert rifle.

"We can always have a banquet, even if we're beaten," said the Triumphant Egghead. The gloom began to dissipate.

"What has the Honorable Gutter Pup to report?" said Cheyenne Baxter.

The Rocky Mountain Gazelle proudly announced the establishment of a thorough system of espionage, through the corrupting of Mr. Klondike Jackson, the colored gentleman who waited on the table at the Kennedy, and Mr. Alcibiades Bonaparte, who shook up the beds at the Griswold. He likewise reported that young Muskrat Foster, who was not overpopular at the Davis House, had perceived the great truths of Anti-Federalism. He then presented a bill of two dollars and forty-five cents for the corrupting of the Messrs. Jackson and Bonaparte, with an addition of fifty cents for the further contaminating of young Muskrat Foster.

"The Honorable Wash Simmons will report," said Cheyenne Baxter.

"Fellows," said Wash, "I ain't no silver-tongued orator, and all I've got to say is that Butsey White, down at the Green House, is most sensible to the honor of representing this great and glorious party of moral ideas, as congressman from the second form, but ——"

"But what?" said Slugger Jones.

"But he kind of fears that the other members of the Green House aren't quite up on Anti-Federalism, and he reckons it will take quite a little literature to educate them."

"Literature?" said Cheyenne, mystified.

"About eight volumes," said Wash. "Eight green-backed pieces of *literature!*"

"The robber!"

"Why, that's corruption."

"Gentlemen," said Cheyenne, rapping for order, "the question is, does he get the literature? Ayes or noes."

"I protest," interrupted Hickey. "We must not forget that this is a campaign for clean politics. We will not buy votes, but we can encourage local enterprises. The Green is trying to fit themselves out for the baseball season. I suggest contributing toward a catcher's mitt and a mask, and letting it go at that."

On the announcement of a unanimous vote, the Honorable Wash Simmons departed to encourage local enterprises.

"And now, fellows," said Hickey, "we come to the serious proposition—the real business of the meeting. We've got to treat with Crazy Opdyke."

"Never!"

"Macnooder must sacrifice himself," said Hickey. "Am I right, Cheyenne?"

"You are," said Cheyenne. "The campaign has reached a serious stage. The Upper, the Kennedy, the Griswold, the Davis, are already Fed; the Rouse will go next. Even if we get the Green, we're lost if the Cleve goes against us, and Crazy is just holding out to make terms."

"We have misjudged Crazy," said Hickey; "his record was against him, but we have misjudged him. He's been the only live one in the bunch. Now we got to meet his terms."

The door opened and Crazy Opdyke sauntered in.

"Hello, fellows," he drawled. "How's the campaign going? Are you satisfied with your progress?" He stretched languidly into an armchair. "Am I still welcome in the home of great moral ideas?"

"Crazy, our feelings for you are both of sorrow and of affection," said Cheyenne conciliatingly. "You certainly are a boss politician. What's this new wrinkle of yours over in the Cleve?"

"I've been amusing myself," said Crazy with a drawl, "organizing the Mugwumps, the intelligent and independent vote, the balance of power, you know, the party that doesn't heel to any boss, but votes according to its, to its ——"

"To its what, Crazy?" said Hickey gently.

"To its conscience," replied Crazy firmly—"To its conscience, when its conscience is intelligently approached."

"Oh, you're for sale, are you?" said Turkey aggressively.

"No, Turkey, no-o-o! And yet we've organized the Blocks of Five Marching Club; rather significant, eh!"

"Well, what's your game; what have you come for?"

"Oh, just to be friendly," said Crazy, rising languidly.

"Stop," said Hickey. "Sit down. Let's have a few words."

Crazy slouched back, sunk into the armchair and assumed a listening position.

"Crazy," said Hickey, "we've made a mistake. We didn't know you. You are the surprise of the campaign. We apologize. We are merely amateurs; you are the only, original, professional politician."

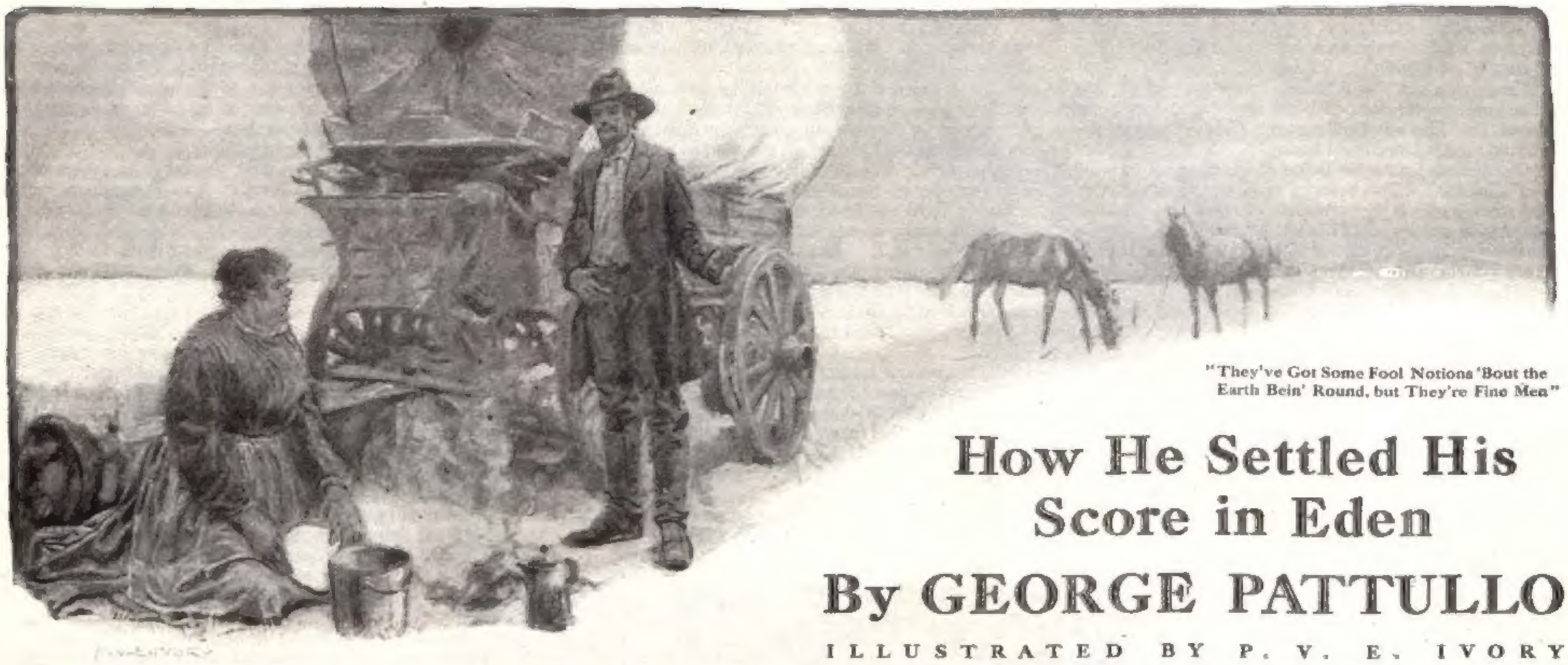
"This is very gratifying," said Crazy without a blush.

"Crazy, from this moment," said Hickey firmly, "you are the treasurer of the Campaign Committee, and we're listening for any words of wisdom you have ready to uncork."

"No, Hickey, no," said Crazy, rising amid general dismay; "I no longer hanker to be a treasurer. It was

(Continued on Page 26)

THE NESTER PARSON



"They've Got Some Fool Notions 'Bout the Earth Bein' Round, but They're Fine Men"

How He Settled His Score in Eden

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

"I CAIN'T git it through my head how a man who kin cook like you kin think the earth's round," said the parson.

"Wal, I done hearn of a man by the name of Columbus ——" began the cook.

"Columbus?" cried the parson. "Never hearn tell of him. An' ef you did, he must 'a' been a dago."

The cook breathed heavily, but ignored the affront, and requested him to shove along the beans.

"Why, don't the Book say: 'An' the angels stood on the four corners of the earth, an' held the winds thereof'?"

Never having read it, the cook was unable to say positively, so he acquiesced with some dignity.

"Good! Now, ef them angels stood on the four corners, how could the earth be round?" continued the parson triumphantly. "It stands to reason that, ef it has four corners, it's flat."

This style of argument was sweeping old Dave into depths where he could but wallow helplessly, and he fixed a glassy, vacant stare upon the visitor.

"Who done told you about them angels?" he sneered.

"Why, the prophets. It's all there, ev'ry word true from cover to cover."

"Prophets?" repeated the cook. "Friends of yourn? I never hearn tell of them, neither. So there we are."

He sent the bench on which he was sitting back with a jarring scrape, put his tin cup and spoon on his tin plate, and carried them into the kitchen. The strawboss and the ranch blacksmith, who also dined in the bunkhouse, followed. With another piece of bacon and some canned tomatoes in front of him, the newcomer swept his arm around to scare away the flies. He had arrived only an hour before and was not yet on friendly terms with them. With beautiful patience, he forced three to vacate a mouthful he had arranged, and continued his meal.

"Come far?" asked the strawboss casually, rolling a cigarette as he reëntered.

"Oklahoma," was the answer. "My lil' ol' team done walked that nine hundred miles, pullin' fourteen hundred, in twenty-four days."

With that well-bred reserve, born of consideration for a questionable past and a doubtful future, met with in the Territory, they forbore to question him further.

"The boys is all out with the wagon. Rangeboss is done gone with 'em," remarked the blacksmith, after a pause.

The stranger piled his tin dishes and carried them into the kitchen. "Have you-all started your roundup?" he inquired. They nodded. Leaving the cook to wash up, they went outside the thick-walled, flat-roofed adobe house and, squatting on their heels against the wall, fell diligently to work whittling sticks.

"Thanks. I don't mind ef I do," said the parson, biting off a generous piece from the plug the blacksmith extended.

"I'm a preacher," he volunteered, after some minutes' silent contemplation of nothing. They nodded politely, but ventured no comment.

"P'raps you-all done hearn of my debate over to Texas with Brother Houston. I wrastled four days an' four nights with Brother Houston, when he quit. My voice was jist as fresh as it is now, too. I could 'a' kep' on for another week."

"What was the debate?" inquired old Dave, appearing in the doorway with a towel.

"On the impossibility of apostasy," said the parson.

"Oh, indeed," said Dave, on his way to the washpan.

"I've got to shoe that lil' ol' bedwagon mule," observed the blacksmith, rising uneasily.

"Do you want a good man to work around here?" demanded the parson, addressing himself to the strawboss.

"Perhaps. Where is he?" was the cautious reply.

"I calculated to take up a quarter-section somewheres near here, ef I could git some work to carry me over the winter," continued the parson. "I done brought the girl along, for she's been sickly, an' I thought this climate might get to help her some."

"You married, then?"

"Shore," laughed the parson. "The girl's down with the wagon in that grove of cottonwoods. You kin see the smoke of her fire, where she's cookin' dinner."

"Where were you figurin' on takin' up land?" asked the strawboss.

"That lil' stretch down near the schoolsection in the valley struck me as a right pretty place. Near that big ol' pine."

The strawboss' eyelids flickered with a scarcely perceptible tremor.

"That is shore pretty," he agreed.

He stood up and stretched his great length with a yawn. In the shadow of the overhanging roof, it was almost cool; six inches away, the sun was slowly cracking the trodden earth in long fissures. The bunkhouse stood close to the stockaded "bronc" pen; beyond that was a pond and a grove of trees, from behind which the ranchhouse peeped, gray and red. The huge corral encircling the water-troughs was devoid of life, shimmering in the noonday glare; to-morrow it would swelter in the dust and echo to the roarings of three thousand cattle. Almost at its back, seemingly, rose a pineclad mountain, somber, brooding. That was The Hatter, forty miles away. Between its base and where he stood lay an apparently level expanse, a great stretch of country broken by arroyos, streams and draws.

"You reckon on staying here?" demanded the strawboss, with sudden, savage heat.

"Shore," was the surprised answer.

The strawboss opened his mouth to say something, then slowly shut it, and started off for the blacksmith-shop, a mere shack added to the saddle-shed, which itself suggested an afterthought to the old adobe structure. He found Banty trying to substitute a new contrivance for the immemorial "Arkansas brakes" which the man who tended the water-holes employed. For a full minute neither uttered a word.

"The parson," said the strawboss at last—"The parson figures on proving a claim in Eden."

The blacksmith straightened and put down his hammer with elaborate care. Across the anvil, they stood staring into each other's eyes.

"Pore son-of-a-gun!" said the blacksmith at last.

Meanwhile the "Camelite" preacher went cheerily along the wagon-track to where his huge, canvas-topped

"My Real Name's Davis," Said the Parson, "an' I Had a Brother Round Here Once"

home rested after its jolting journey across two States; over highways and over prairie trails, climbing mountains and fording treacherous rivers. His wife had finished her dinner, a single dog-rabbit, shot with the ancient gun now protruding from their blankets, and was seated on the ground, endeavoring to make the dregs of a small pail of water suffice for the bothersome cleanup.

"It's all right, girl," he said briskly. "I kin tell they're fine men, this outfit. They've got some fool notions 'bout the earth bein' round, but they're fine men."

"Yes?" she said hopefully.

"We'll camp here to-night. I'll bring you some more water, an' the cook'll shore give us some sowbelly an' bread an' beans. You keep an eye on ol' Runt there, an' see he don't worry no cattle, ef any strays along. We cain't take a chance on makin' 'em mad."

"Where you goin' now, Les?"

"I got to see the manager an' git a job," he called back, as he headed for the ranchhouse.

Loring himself opened the screen door at sound of the parson's hesitant step upon the verandah. The parson walked always, whether on smooth floor or across prairie, as though he were stepping over hummocks, and his wide-set eyes wore constantly a startled, undecided look. The manager estimated the man at a glance, knew him and his history and his whole character as though they had been detailed to him with minute exactitude. The manager had begun life as a drummer in Chicago.

"Well?" he inquired sharply.

"I'm figurin' on takin' up a claim next that school section, Mr. Loring, an' I wanted for to see you about a job."

"Got more men than we want now," was the abrupt answer.

"I'm a good cowhand, Mr. Loring. I used to be one of Taggoner's outfit."

"Lloyd is the rangeboss, and I never interfere with him," said the manager tersely. "Besides, I happen to know he wants to drop a couple, instead of taking any on."

"I kin do most anything, Mr. Loring. I'm a blacksmith an' could help there. Or I could grow some alfalfa in that lil' stretch of meadow near the crick."

"You want to take up a claim in Eden?"

"Eden?" repeated the parson, in a puzzled tone.

"Some of the boys call it that," said the manager brusquely.

He appeared to be concentrating his mind on some problem, and he looked at and beyond the anxious settler. Slowly Loring's lids drooped and he let his glance fall to the Navajo blanket that served as a rug. Just as the parson was about to urge his plea again, the manager nodded his head back and forth with deliberation. It was very evidently an affirmative sign, yet given with reluctance.

"Well, I suppose, if you're bound to stay, you'll have to live. You can help in the blacksmith shop."

"I done brought the girl along, Mr. Loring. She's some sickly, an' I thought ——"

"Is she an invalid?" Loring contracted his brows.

"No-oo, not exactly. But she ain't strong; jist weak an'—an' fragile like."

"Well, I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month and your keep."

A flush of gratitude swept over the strangely immature face turned to his.

"There's a couple of good rooms back of the carriage-shed, and you can have those for the time being. They need to be fixed up considerably, but they're watertight and clean," he added.

Loring looked down at the blanket again and seemed trying to recall something that eluded him, while the "nester" watched every play of his features with the anxious solicitude of a pet dog awaiting his master's word. In his attitude there was the liveliest desire to please; it showed in every line of him.

"Let's see. Where are you going to take up a claim?" mused the manager.

"In the stretch in the valley next the school-section, near that big ol' pine. Eden, you done called it."

"Oh, yes. Well, see you prove your claim all right. We don't want any flitting about, you understand."

"Shore. I intend to stay this time for keeps. I'll try for my place not to be in the way of your cattle, Mr. Loring. I reckon they won't miss the pasture."

"There's room for all," said the manager, laughing loudly. "By the way, bring your wife around. My wife would like to see her, and perhaps she can help cook, if she's strong enough."

Thus the parson became one of the Flying W men. He brought his wife around next morning. Dave happened to be there at the time, having come over for a sack of coffee. Mrs. Loring took one look at her, and it gave old Dave and her two young daughters all they could do for five minutes to bring her out of hysterics. For "the girl" was a florid person of perhaps two hundred and sixty-six pounds, with a fine, hearty sway to her walk and a deep bass laugh.

Yet she was always "the girl" to the parson; to him she remained an object of tender solicitude, "jist weak an'—an' fragile like." But he readily admitted that she might be capable of light work, so Mrs. Loring employed her in helping with house-cleaning and moving the heavy furniture.

"Les, he had a fine claim in Montana eleven year ago," she confided to the manager's wife.

"Why didn't you stay there?"

"I dunno. We done proved our claim, an', jist when we was gittin' our first good crop, Les, he allowed we'd move. Said he felt a call to go forth."

"Had he?"

"I dunno. Sometimes I think he's hearin' wrong. We went to Texas then an' took up a whole section."

"Have you got that still?"

"Gracious, no. We wouldn't be here now, would we? We done left it, too. Les, he sold the farm to a cattle buyer for a wagon an' fifty head of cattle, an' we lit out for New Mexico to start a ranch."

"I Wrastled Four Days an' Four Nights With Brother Houston, When He Quit"

"When was that?" asked Mrs. Loring, pausing to adjust her dustcap.

"Four year ago. The cattle buyer, he built a town on Les's farm, an' he's awful rich now."

"But where are your cattle?"

"Done lost 'em in the Canadian. That was shore a fool thing, an' I felt kind o' mean about it, but, of course, I never said nothin' to Les."

"Then what next?"

"We had a lil' place in Oklahoma. But Les, he learn as how the claims here was so easy to git an' so rich. He done told me that the climate of Oklahoma weren't healthy for me. I used to have spells of heartburn. P'raps that was because I'm gittin' stout. You reckon?"

"It might have something to do with it," said Mrs. Loring mildly.

The parson was working like a red ant. He was one of those enthusiasts who can do two men's labor as long as the fire of their first inspiration endures, and as soon as it burns out they abandon their project and spend considerable time in shiftless, pessimistic idleness. That passes, and they hurl themselves into a new venture, which is to be the last, of course, and the goal of all their ambitions. To such, distant fields look ever green, and home pastures soon appear barren wastes.

"They drift from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf, that class of nester," said Loring to his wife contemptuously. "They're always sure to follow a boom; sometimes they go in advance of it. But I never knew one of them to stick at anything. I never knew one to profit by his changes. Usually some other fellow gets rich on the things they abandon, about two years later."

Mrs. Loring made a half-hearted attempt to defend them. The parson's strange hallucinations in regard to his wife appealed to her imagination, and his unflagging devotion touched something in her nature which a sane, safe attachment of twenty years' duration had been unable to awaken.

"But, William, why did you let them stay? Did you really want them here?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, they're not in the way. I couldn't see 'em starve."

"That's what you said about the Mexican who took up a claim near The Hatter," said his wife irrelevantly. She shivered slightly.

"Has anything ever been heard of him?" she inquired, not looking at him.

"I don't know," returned Loring with an elaborate yawn. "I guess he went to Mexico. Lloyd says he did, anyway."

"I hope nothing happens to this pair. They're simply overgrown children, William," she said, and as she said it, her eyes on his, the simple statement was a plea.

"What do you mean?"

His tone was so threatening that she recoiled and dropped her spoon nervously.

"I mean—I mean I hope they won't go to Mexico, too," she finished, summoning up all her pluck.

The manager pushed his cup of coffee from him and rose from the table. For a fleeting instant he regarded his wife with a doubtful stare. "Don't be a fool, Louise," he said evenly, and departed to make surveys with a land commissioner.

It proved a constant puzzle to the blacksmith why the parson should have been assigned to assist him; it was also a source of great uneasiness, because there was scarcely enough work to keep Banty busy alone.

"Don't you go for to git worried," cautioned the strawboss, who had been with the ranch eighteen years. "The ol' man knows his business."

If the parson himself was secretly mystified over the fact that so little was expected of him, he accepted it with child-like glee and probed not for motives. He had already fenced in his quarter-section in a sort of fashion, with a single strand of barbwire; and the days were all too short for him while he toiled with the house. It was to be a pretentious structure with two rooms, made solidly of adobe bricks purchased by labor from the strawboss, and it would be roofed with sod. There were to be two windows in it, moreover; and, standing back one evening to survey the result of his labors, the parson's soaring ambition led to the resolve that those windows should have glass, if only Heaven proved kind enough to bestow one good year's crops.

He bored for water and got it at sixty feet. Not a few settlers have found water in abundance in a country which for years the cattlemen painted as an arid desert. So plentiful a flow did he secure that he was nonplused until he learned from the water-hole man how the Big Spring, ten miles away, had unaccountably fallen off in its output. He said nothing of his own good fortune. The parson was not quite a fool.

When the boys returned from the roundup in late November the parson and his wife had taken up residence in their new home. He had, perforce, to be much about the bunkhouse, where the punchers idled away a large part of each day, and he gave ear unto the conversation there with a pained expression.

"Men," he chided once earnestly—"Men, what do you-all want to swear for that-a-way? There ain't no sense in swearin'. Why in hell do you-all do it?"

Once in every two weeks they drove forty miles in their cumbersome wagon, traveling all night to economize daylight, to a tiny mining-camp on the side of The Hatter, and held services with the six members of their faith resident there. The parson knew a score of songs and one tune, so that these meetings never lacked variety. And he was a terrible debater. He used to confound his opponents by quotations; for proving the authenticity of anything by quotations therefrom was a favorite strategy. He invariably left them gasping and confused.

(Continued on Page 39)

THE GREAT TARIFF TRUTHS

From a Protectionist Viewpoint

By CHARLES HEBER CLARK

MANY times the charge has been made, directly and by implication, by opponents of the American protective tariff, that the system was devised by greedy and crafty "robber barons" for the purpose of plundering helpless people. Let us, to begin with, clear the ground from that mendacious nonsense. The tariff system now in operation in this country was prepared by Alexander Hamilton, the man to whom, after Washington, this nation owes more than to any other of the founders of the Republic. In his Report on Manufactures, prepared in 1791 while he was Secretary of the Treasury under President Washington, Hamilton framed an argument for tariff-protection that has never been answered and uttered a prophecy for American protected interests that has had magnificent fulfillment.

The assertion has been repeated, more than once, that if Hamilton were living now he would not approve the system as it stands. An appeal to the graveyard is always safe. The fair, reasonable probability, if not the clear certainty, is that his opinion in 1908 would be precisely what it was in 1791.

Every two years since his time the American people have had an opportunity to disavow, repudiate and overthrow the protective system. But at each succeeding election in recent years they have given it stronger and stronger approval, and so clear has become their steadfast purpose to maintain it that the political party heretofore the champion of free trade no longer dares even to ask for that policy. Its boldest venture in its national platforms is to make clamor for the revision of duties which shall still protect.

The outright free-trade cause therefore may be said to be dead and the propaganda ended in a country where neither protection nor any other thing can endure if the people wish it to be destroyed.

Famine Countries Under Free Trade

THIS single fact of the abandonment of free trade by the Democratic party must be accepted as a potential argument for the beneficence of the protective system. The nation is finally committed to it.

And, while the American people beyond dispute want it, nearly all the other civilized peoples of the world want it. There is but one great nation that does not shelter itself behind a protective tariff. Despotic Russia, imperial Austria, imperial Germany, republican France and free Mexico, all are protected as we are. So are the republics of Latin America and the British dependencies of Canada and Australia. In all these lands and in others the system we have adopted is firmly maintained, so that the world's opinion may be said to be nearly unanimous in favor of protection, which indeed exists actually in every quarter of the globe by the common consent of mankind.

Germany, thirty-odd years ago, tried free-trade and flung it aside. France, under Louis Napoleon, made a similar venture, and when the people obtained mastery of the government hurried back again to protection.

Ireland and India, the famine countries because they are under British free trade, would adopt protection tomorrow if they had the power; and their master, the British nation, with its industries crumbling and millions of its people idle and starving in the presence of foreign competition, shows plain indications of undertaking the overthrow of the system set up by Cobden and John Bright.

Are all these people of all these nations mistaken respecting their true interests? They represent different races, varying political methods, diverse tongues and all kinds of conflicting ideas upon general subjects. Have they come into harmony upon this one subject so that they may help industrial adventurers to rob them, or are they all impelled in a single direction by the instinct of self-preservation?

That question may be said to answer itself.

A Nation's Most Valuable Asset

THE most imperious obligation upon any nation is to find for its people employment at productive industry. The fact that two-thirds of the land in Ireland lies fallow, that one man in thirty in the British islands is a pauper, that millions of people have fled from those shores, and that England can produce but three months' supply of food for a population that ought to be able to feed itself, is the incontrovertible proof that her economic system is wrong.

Man at work is the most valuable asset of a nation. An idle man, consuming without producing, burns the candle at both ends and is worse than worthless.

Individuals cannot provide conditions under which productive industry may be successfully conducted. The law-maker must create the conditions. The development and maintenance of industry being vital, the duty of the law-maker is to shelter industry from destructive competition from foreigners and to encourage and stimulate the upbuilding of new industries.

To permit hostile fleets to batter down our cities would be less foolhardy than to suffer Europeans to destroy the processes by which our people earn their bread and enrich the nation, while they urge it toward independence.

The protective tariff is in the nature of a fence around the garden, to protect the worker and his product from marauders.

As the population expands and old industries grow fast, new industries must be encouraged so as to draw off redundant labor into fresh channels. Thus in 1890 we imported all the tin plate, of which we are the largest users in the world. Twice Great Britain throttled unprotected American ventures in tin-plate manufacture. In the McKinley tariff we put a protective duty on tin plate. In 1891 we made at home two million pounds. In 1905 we made one billion pounds. In 1891 the British maker, having a monopoly, charged Americans $5.34 for a one-hundred-and-eight-pound box of coke Bessemer tin plate. In September, 1904, the American mills sold the same article for $3.30 a box.

What has that duty cost the American consumer? Nothing! He has saved millions of dollars under the protective duty, made employment for forty thousand American workmen, and a home market has been provided for large quantities of American material.

The history of the beet-sugar industry runs along the same lines; so does that of the pearl-button business. For centuries worthless shellfish have grown and perished in the mud of the rivers of the Mississippi Valley while we bought pearl buttons by hundreds of tons from Europe. We put a protective duty on pearl buttons, and lo! the valueless mussels in the slime became sources of wealth, and now we beat the world on buttons, employ large numbers of American folk in the manufacture and add to the nation's wealth.

We pay Germany nearly five millions a year for coal-tar dyes which lie in our own petroleum. More than six hundred million pounds of wool are washed every year in American mills and the grease rolls down into the streams to defile and poison them. Meantime we buy from Germany each year fourteen million pounds of such wool-grease. Is it or is it not worth while to make arrangements that shall turn our own waste into riches? But we shall never do it unless the American is protected in handling wool-grease from the German, who is ahead of him in the manufacture and in the market, and has cheap labor besides.

A competent tariff means no willfully idle men. A tariff with cracks in it, a half-tariff, a tariff with no margin for fluctuating prices and changing conditions, must mean Americans out of work because Europeans do the work that should be done at home.

Fortunately the nation adheres tenaciously to the right system; and with one result, most notable, wonderful and without precedent in history.

Are these figures too familiar to excite amazement? Nevertheless I counsel the reader to mark them well!

Since 1820, a period of eighty-eight years, twenty-six million people, a number almost equal to three-quarters of the present population of Great Britain, have fled from other countries to this. Since our existing tariff law went into operation seven millions have come here to live. Within the last three years three and one-half million immigrants have landed upon our shores.

Never before in the annals of the human race was such a movement of population recorded.

The Testimony of Immigration Figures

WHY do these vast armies of toilers come to us? Can it be that they are eager for harder conditions of life, for scant wages, dear food, and for arduous toil without fair recompense? Do they flock across the seas to be plundered by merciless "robber barons" who own the factories, and do the newcomers write to the friends whom they have left behind inviting them also to hurry over to the land of thieves (as Charles Francis Adams calls us), so that they, too, may have their pockets picked?

Has the world gone crazy, or is it indeed the truth, that to the ears of impoverished and suffering people of every clime have come the glad tidings that here at last is a country where a fair wage is offered for a fair endeavor, and where a poor man has a better chance than anywhere else on the earth to grow rich?

To the immigration figures we might point and rest our case when a stubborn free trader exclaims: "Yes, we pay higher wages here, but the larger earning is more than consumed by the larger prices of the necessaries of life." The world contains many fools, but surely they do not pour into the United States at the rate of a million a year These men come to our country because the higher wages do actually mean better living and a chance to save.

How shall we prove this? Well, beyond all question food is cheaper here than in Europe, because we are the greatest exporters of food—we may be said to feed half the Old World; and our food is preferred, not because it is best, but, obviously, because it is cheapest.

The ordinary laborer expends quite half his income, probably more than half, for provender.

We grow two-thirds of the world's supply of cotton, and clothing made at home from our own cotton is as cheap as it is anywhere. It is a fact, capable of conclusive demonstration, that woolen clothing of all but the highest grades of fabrics is sold here at prices as low as in Europe, and it is better made. Moreover the American workmen wear more woolen clothing than those of any other country.

Figures That Spell Prosperity

BUT can we not get a little closer to the facts? Is there not some outright, incontrovertible, arithmetical and final demonstration that the American wage stands for superior purchasing power? Yes! and here it is:

I take a period of forty years, comparing 1860 with 1900. In that time—

The number of wage-earners in American mills increased four times.

The wages paid in American mills increased seven and a half times.

The number of depositors in savings-banks increased ten times.

The amount of deposits in savings-banks increased sixteen times.

I have stopped at the year 1900 because I happen to have these figures at hand. But let us go further:

From 1860-1907 population increased from thirty-one to eighty-six millions, or two and three-fourths times.

From 1860-1907 savings-bank deposits increased from one hundred and fifty millions to thirty-five hundred millions, or twenty-four times!

With space enough I could run this proof out through various lines of manufacturing industry. The savings-banks hold the workingmen's surplus. Their deposits accurately represent the prosperity of the toiler.

No other country has, or ever had, or ever will have, power to make such an exhibit as I have offered here.

It fully warrants the assertion, which I now make, that the American workingman lives in a better house, eats better food, wears better clothing, knows more, earns more, saves more, and has more than any other laborer.

"But," exclaims the free trader, "the tariff does not fix the wage rate, and for proof I point to the fact that Germany has a high tariff and low wages."

The response to this is not simply that Germany is naturally a poorer country than the United States, but that Germany has a standing army of about six hundred thousand men. Six hundred thousand idlers—able-bodied young men who are consumers without being also producers.

These men must be fed and clothed and armed and officered, and to pay for all this the wages of the toilers are taken. That is to say, the production of wealth is reduced by the idleness of the soldiers; and of the wealth that is created much is taken for maintenance of the military establishment. Thus there is a smaller fund from which to pay wages and the workingman must take less.

Let us suppose there is an island containing four men and no more. Each man toils and produces one hundred dollars, or, all together, four hundred dollars a year. After a while two men are told off to act as policemen and they work no more. Then the production of labor is reduced to two hundred dollars a year, and whereas each of the four men used to get one hundred dollars a year, each man now gets but fifty dollars a year.

That is the chief reason why wages are low in Germany. No tariff act can be devised which will keep wages high under conditions which cut down the productive power of the nation and thus reduce the wage fund.

With our own people practically all at work we have moved, under a wise tariff system, toward prosperity that cannot be paralleled in the experience of mankind.

Note, if you please, what has been accomplished upon the inside of that tariff fence around our national garden:

In 1880, less than a generation ago, the value of the products of our factories was 5369 million dollars.

In 1907 it was 15,000 million dollars.

Compare four countries, Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia, with one country—the United States:

From 1883 to 1903, in four countries, consumption of coal increased eighty-two per cent.; in the United States it increased three hundred and sixty-four per cent.

Again: in four countries the consumption of iron increased one hundred and two per cent.; in the United States it increased four hundred and thirty-seven per cent.

Still again: in four countries the consumption of cotton increased forty-six per cent.; in the United States it increased one hundred and seven per cent.

If I should cover this page with figures they would still sustain the contention that we have had, under the tariff, prosperity beyond all precedent. And if the claim be urged that the nation would have been equally prosperous, or more prosperous, without a tariff, the response is that no man can possibly prove such a proposition. What we do know, for sure, is that absolutely no nation ever built up great manufacturing industry without protection, and that within forty years, with a high tariff, we have swept from the rear of the procession far, far ahead of Great Britain under free trade.

She used to lead the world in manufactures. Now we lead it; and whatever discontent a man may have with our protective system, he is completely debarred from the claim that it has held us back from primacy in the race for industrial greatness.

But has not the high tariff restricted our foreign trade, shutting us out from our rightful place in the markets of the world?

Our sales to other countries are by no means inconsiderable, but I prefer that the space at my command should be devoted to another branch of the subject.

Nowhere have I seen attention directed to the remarkable fact that the consumption of commodities in this country increases faster than the population.

Heed these astonishing figures:

In the ten years from 1895 to 1904 the population of the United States increased twenty per cent.; the domestic consumption of wheat and flour increased fifty per cent.; the consumption of corn increased sixty per cent.; the consumption of coffee increased thirty-three per cent.; the bank clearings increased one hundred per cent.; freight carried one mile increased ninety-four per cent.

Does the Tariff Breed Trusts?

THESE few out of many similar figures are part of the proof that American producers are so busy trying to supply a continually expanding domestic demand that they are less eager than they might otherwise be to push into foreign markets.

In proof of the fact that the home mills can hardly meet the home demand we have the circumstance that, in 1907, we imported goods of cotton, wool, silk, leather, tin, iron and steel and paper and clothing, of the very kinds we make at home, of the value of one hundred and forty-eight million dollars. We bought them in foreign lands obviously because our own mills could not fully meet the requirements of the American people.

When the men who have organized the magnificent industries of this nation want foreign markets they will go after them and get them. Meanwhile they are masters of a home market whose internal trade much exceeds all the international trade of the civilized, half-civilized and savage worlds.

Let me now, in the brief space remaining, consider two or three other objections to the protective system.

"It breeds trusts." Did it breed the theatre trust, one of the most imperious of monopolies? What is the tariff duty on theatres? Did it produce the associated-press trust, steel-bound and double-riveted? What is the duty on news? Did it create the telegraph trust, or the express-company trust, both powerful enough to destroy rivalry and to forbid the American people to have postal telegraphs and a parcels post?

Did it produce the railroad trust, which holds in a merciless grasp in Pennsylvania the only considerable deposit in the world of anthracite coal, and exacts of millions of consumers from a dollar to a dollar and a half a ton more than the coal is worth?

Trusts may be counted by scores in free-trade England—the worsted trust among them. The tariff neither helps nor hinders such combinations. There are more iron and steel manufacturers in the United States outside the trust than there are on the inside. With fair play from the railroads, and complete stoppage of their criminal connivance at the misdeeds of the oppressors of the people, there will be a free chance for any competent man with money enough to start any kind of honest business in this country. Even the Standard Oil Company, with enormous wealth and absolutely no conscience, has not been able to destroy independent refining of oil.

Why should works of art be taxed at the ports? They are not taxed—they come in free when they are for the use of public institutions and are not to be sold again. See paragraphs 701-702 of the tariff law. But, if you let in free the art-objects belonging to the multi-millionaire and tax the poor man's stockings, you will provide a grievance with which the free-trade orator will make the welkin ring

Where may the Treasury more fairly obtain needed revenue than by taxing the luxuries of the very rich?

"American goods," it has been urged, "are often sold cheaper in Europe than at home." Our exports of manufactures are about three per cent. of our product. The stuff sold abroad at a lower price represents a small surplus. It is largely bargain-counter material. If we are to have foreign sales we must meet foreign prices; and why should a man who complains that we do not have enough foreign trade find a grievance that an American should employ the only possible means of getting it?

Manufacturers as Benefactors

LET it be understood that foreigners almost uniformly depress their export prices so that they may get past our tariff and compete in our market with American manufactures. In my opinion these lower prices, combined with the low prices thus forced from American producers, have saved the people more money than all the duties collected at the custom-houses since the days of Hamilton.

The American manufacturer is not a robber, nor a parasite, nor a clamorer for other men's riches. I say that he is a great public benefactor. Hundreds of American towns right now offer him generous bounties to come to them. Nobody offers bounties to attract lawyers, auctioneers, insurance agents or stock-brokers.

Why is the manufacturer wanted? Why pay him money to come and to build in your town?

Because from the time he first strikes the spade in the ground to dig the foundation of his mill he employs labor, he scatters money, he helps every farmer, every storekeeper, every church, every tax-collector, every human being, every enterprise in the neighborhood.

It is a wise instinct that offers him encouragement; and the very same instinct is behind the protective tariff. The two systems are one. The manufacturer brings blessings with him, blessings for the community as well as for himself.

In my own town two young men a few years ago each for himself started a manufacturing industry upon borrowed capital.

To-day the two establishments employ seven hundred people and pay three hundred thousand dollars a year in cash wages, which flows out a beneficent stream through the community and the neighboring country. Whom have they hurt? How many have they helped? How severe would be the misfortune that should close their doors forcing their people into idleness!

Both these men rose from the ranks. I am confident that half the manufacturers in the United States to-day began as laborers. Magnificent is the system, I say, which swings wide open for them the door of opportunity, which shelters them from powerful foreign rivals, which gives good wages to worthy American men and women, and makes this the most prosperous, most independent, most progressive nation on the face of the earth.

THE KING OF DIAMONDS

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

III

It was Mr. Czenki

WHEN the police of Mulberry Street find themselves face to face with some problem other than the trivial, every-day theft, burglary or murder, as the case may be, they are wont to rise up and run around in a circle. The case of Red Haney and the diamonds, blared to the world at large in the newspapers of Sunday morning, immediately precipitated a circular parade, while Haney, the objective centre, snored along peacefully in a drunken stupor.

The statement of the case in the public press was altogether negative. There had been no report of the theft of fifty thousand dollars' worth of uncut diamonds in any city of the United States; in fact, diamonds, as a commodity in crime, had not figured in police records for several weeks—not even an actress had mislaid a priceless necklace. The newspapers were unanimously certain that stones of such value could not rightfully belong to a man of Haney's type, therefore, to whom *did* they belong?

Four men, at least, of the thousands who read the detailed account of the affair Sunday morning, immediately made it a matter of personal interest to themselves. One of these was Mr. Latham, another was Mr. Schultze, and a third was Mr. Birnes. The fourth was Mr. E. van Cortlandt Wynne. In the seclusion of his home in Thirty-seventh Street, Mr. Wynne read the story with puckered brows, then reread it, after which he paced back and forth across his room in troubled thought for an hour or more. An oppressive sense of uneasiness was growing upon him; and it was reflected in eyes grown somber.

After a time, with sudden determination, the young man dropped into a chair at his desk, and wrote in duplicate, on a narrow strip of tough tissue-paper, just one line:

Are you safe? Is all well? Answer quick. W.

Then he mounted to the roof. As he flung open the trap a man on the top of the house next door darted behind a chimney. Mr. Wynne saw him clearly—it was Frank Claflin—but he seemed to consider the matter of no consequence, for he paid not the slightest attention. Instead he went straight to a cage beside the pigeon-cote, wherein a dozen or more birds were imprisoned, removed one of them, attached a strip of the tissue-paper to its leg, and allowed it to rise from his outstretched hand.

The pigeon darted away at an angle, up, up, until it grew indistinct against the void, then swung widely in a semicircle, hovered uncertainly for an instant, and flashed off to the west, straight as an arrow flies. Mr. Wynne watched it thoughtfully until it had disappeared; and Claflin's interest was so intense that he forgot the necessity of screening himself, the result being that when he turned again toward Mr. Wynne he found that young man gazing at him.

Mr. Wynne even nodded in a friendly sort of way as he attached the second strip of tissue to the leg of another bird. This rose, as the other had done, and sped away toward the west.

"It may be worth your while to know, Mr. Claflin," Mr. Wynne remarked easily to the detective on the other house, "that if you ever put your foot on this roof to intercept any message which may come to me I shall shoot you."

Then he turned and went down the stairs again, closing and locking the trap in the roof behind him. He should get an answer to those questions in two hours, three hours at the most. If there was no answer within that time he would dispatch more birds, and *then*, if no answer came, then—*then*—— Mr. Wynne sat down and carefully perused the newspaper story again.

At just about that moment the attention of one John Sutton, another of the watchful Mr. Birnes' men, on duty in Thirty-seventh Street, was attracted to a woman who had turned in from Park Avenue, and was coming rapidly toward him, on the opposite side of the street. She was young, with the elasticity of perfect health in her step; and closely veiled. She wore a blue tailor-made gown, with hat to match; and recalcitrant strands of hair gleamed a golden-brown.

"By George!" exclaimed the detective. "It's her!"

By which he meant that the mysterious young woman of the cab, whose description had been drilled into him by Mr. Birnes, had at last reappeared. He lounged along the street, watching her with keen interest, fixing her every detail in his mind. She did not hesitate, she glanced neither to right nor left, but went straight to the house occupied by Mr. Wynne, and rang the bell. A moment later the door was opened, and she disappeared inside. The detective mopped his face with tremulous joy.

"Doris!" exclaimed Mr. Wynne, as the veiled girl entered the room where he sat. "Doris, my dear girl, what *are* you doing here?"

He arose and went toward her. She tore off the heavy veil impatiently, and lifted her moist eyes to his. There was suffering in them, uneasiness—and more than that.

"Have you heard from him—out there?" she demanded.

"Not to-day, no," he responded. "*Why* did you come here?"

"Gene, I can't stand it," she burst out passionately. "I'm worried to death. I can't hear a word, and—I'm worried to death."

Mr. Wynne wondered if she, too, had seen the morning papers. He stared at her gravely for an instant, then turned, crumpled up the section of newspaper with its glaring headlines, and dropped it into a waste-basket.

"I'm sorry," he said gently.

"I telephoned twice yesterday," she rushed on quickly, pleadingly, "and once last night and again this morning. There was no—no answer. Gene, I couldn't stand it. I had to come."

"It's only that he didn't happen to be within hearing of the telephone bell," he assured her. But her steadfast, accusing eyes read more than that in his face, and her hands trembled on his arm.

"I'm afraid, Gene, I'm afraid," she declared desperately. "Suppose—suppose something *has* happened?"

"It's absurd," and he attempted to laugh off her uneasiness. "Why, nothing could have happened."

"All those millions of dollars' worth of diamonds, Gene," she reminded him, "and he is—I shouldn't have left him alone."

"Why, my dear Doris," and Mr. Wynne gathered the slender, trembling figure in his arms protectingly, "not one living soul, except you and I, knows that they are there. There's no incentive to robbery, my dear—a poor, shabby little cottage like that. There is not the slightest danger."

"There is always danger, Gene," she contradicted. "It makes me shudder just to think of it. He is so old and so feeble, simple as a child, and utterly helpless if anything should happen. Then, when I didn't hear from him after trying so many times over the telephone—I'm afraid, Gene, I'm afraid," she concluded desperately.

The long-pent-up tears came, and she buried her face on his shoulder. He stood silent with narrowed, thoughtful eyes.

This, and the thing in the newspaper there! And evidently she had not seen that! It was not wise that she should see it just yet.

"That day I took the horrid things from you in the cab I was awfully frightened," she continued sobbingly. "I felt that every one I passed knew I had them; and you can't imagine what a relief it was when I took them back out there and left them. And now when I think that something may have happened to *him!*" She paused, then raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his face. "He is all I have in the world now, Gene, except you. Already the hateful things have cost the lives of my father and my brother, and now if he—— Or you—— Oh, my God, it would kill me! I hate them, hate them!"

She was shaken by a paroxysm of sobs. Mr. Wynne led her to a chair, and she dropped into it wearily, with her face in her hands.

"Nothing can have happened, Doris," he repeated gently. "I sent a message out there in duplicate only a few minutes ago. In a couple of hours, now, we shall be getting an answer. Now, don't begin to cry," he added helplessly.

"And if you don't get an answer?" she insisted.

"I shall get an answer," he declared positively. There was a long pause. "And when I get that answer, Doris," he resumed, again becoming very grave, "you will see how unwise, how dangerous even, it was for you to come here this way. I know it's hard, dear," he supplemented apologetically, "but it was only for the week, you know; and now I don't see how you can go away from here again."

"Go away?" she repeated wonderingly. "Why shouldn't I go away? I was very careful to veil myself when I came—no one saw me enter. Why can't I go away again?"

Mr. Wynne paced the length of the room twice, with troubled brow.

"You don't understand, dear," he said quietly, as he paused before her. "From the moment I left Mr. Latham's office last Thursday I have been under constant surveillance. I'm followed wherever I go—to my office, to luncheon, to the theatre, everywhere; and day and night, day and night, there are two men watching this house, and two other men watching at my office. They tamper with my correspondence, trace my telephone calls, question my servants, quiz my clerks. You don't understand, dear," he said again.

"But why should they do all this?" she asked curiously. "Why should they ——"

"I had expected it all, of course," he interrupted, "and it doesn't disturb me in the least. I planned for months to anticipate every emergency; I know every detective who is watching me by name and by sight; and all my plans have gone perfectly until now. This is why it was necessary for you and I not to meet; why it was as necessary for me to keep away from out there as it was for you to keep away from here; why we could not afford to take chances by an interchange of letters or by telephone calls. When I left you in the cab I knew you would get away safely, because they did not know you were there, in the first place; and then it was the beginning of the chase and I forced them to centre their attention on me. But now it is different. Come here to the window a minute."

Instead He Went Straight to a Cage Beside the Pigeon-Cote

He led her across the room unresistingly. On the opposite side of the street, staring at the house, was a man.

"That man is a private detective," Mr. Wynne informed her. "His name is Sutton, and he is only one of thirty or forty whose sole business in life, right now, is to watch me, to keep track of and follow any person who comes here. He saw you enter, and you couldn't escape him going out. There's another on the roof of the house next door. His name is Claflin. These men, or others from the same agency, are here all the time. There are two more at my office downtown; still others are searching customs records, examining the books of the express companies, probing into my private affairs. And they're all in the employ of the men with whom I am dealing. Do you understand now?"

"I didn't dream of such a thing," the girl faltered slowly. "I knew, of course, that—Gene, I shouldn't have come if—if only I could have heard from him."

"My dear girl, it's a big game we are playing—a hundred-million-dollar game! And we shall win it, unless—we shall win it, in spite of them. Naturally the diamond dealers don't want

to be compelled to put up one hundred million dollars. They reason that if the stones I showed them came from new fields, and the supply is unlimited, as I told them, that the diamond market is on the verge of collapse, anyway; and as they look at it they are compelled to know where they came from. As a matter of fact, if they did know, or if the public got one inkling of the truth, the diamond market would be wrecked, and all the diamond dealers in the world working together couldn't prevent it. If they succeed in doing this thing they feel they must do they will only bring disaster upon themselves. It would do no good to tell them so; I merely laid my plans and am letting them alone. So, you see, my dear, it is a big game—a big game!"

He stood looking at her with earnest, thoughtful eyes. Suddenly the woman-soul within her awoke in a surging, inexplicable wave of emotion which almost overcame her as she studied the steady, quiet eyes; and after it came something of realization of the great fight he was making for her—for her, and the aged, feeble grandfather waiting patiently out there. He loved her, this master among men, and she sighed contentedly. For the moment the maddening anxiety that brought her here was forgotten; there was only the ineffable sweetness of seeing him again. She extended her hands to him impulsively, and he kissed them both.

"The difficulty of you leaving here," he went on after a little, "is that you would be followed, and within two hours these men would know all about you—where you are stopping, how long you have been there; they would know of your daily telephone messages to your grandfather, and then, inevitably, they would appear out there, and learn all the rest of it. It doesn't matter how closely they keep watch of me. My plans are all made, I know I am watched, and make no mistakes. But you!"

"So I should not have come?" she questioned. "I'm sorry."

"I understand your anxiety, of course," he assured her, and he was smiling a little, "but the worst never happens—so for the present we will not worry. In an hour or more, now, I imagine we shall receive a pigeon-o-gram which will show that all is well. And then I shall have to plan for you to get away somehow."

She leaned toward him a little and again he gathered her in his arms. The red lips were mutely raised, and he kissed her reverently.

"It's all for you and it will all be right," he assured her.

"Gene, dear Gene!"

He pressed a button on the wall and a maid appeared.

"You will have to wait for a couple of hours or so, at least, so if you would like to take off your things?" he suggested with grave courtesy. "I dare say the suite just above is habitable, and the maid is at your service."

The girl regarded him pensively for a moment, then turning ran swiftly up the stairs. The maid started to follow more staidly.

"Just a moment," said Mr. Wynne crisply, in an undertone. "Miss Kellner is not to be allowed to use the telephone under any circumstances. You understand?" She nodded silently, and went up the stairs.

An hour passed. From the swivel chair at his desk Mr. Wynne had twice seen Sutton stroll past on the opposite side of the street; and then Claflin had lounged along. Suddenly he arose and went to the window, throwing back the curtains. Sutton was leaning against an electric-light pole, half a block away; Claflin was half a block off in the other direction, in casual conversation with a policeman. Mr. Wynne looked them over thoughtfully. Curiously enough he was wondering just how he would fare in a physical contest with either, or both.

He turned away from the window at last and glanced at his watch impatiently. One hour and forty minutes! In another half an hour the little bell over his desk should ring. That would mean that a pigeon had arrived from—from out there, and that the automatic door had closed upon it as it entered the cote. But if it didn't come—if it didn't come! Then what? There was only one conclusion to be drawn, and he shuddered a little when he thought of it. There could only remain this single possibility when he considered the sinister things that had happened—the failure of the girl to get an answer by telephone, and the unexpected appearance of Red Haney with the uncut diamonds. It might be necessary for him to go out there, and how could he do it? How, without leaving an open trail behind him? How, without inviting defeat in the fight he was making?

His meditations were interrupted by the appearance of Miss Kellner. She had crept down the stairs noiselessly, and stood beside him before he was aware of her presence. Her eyes sought his countenance questioningly, and the deadly pallor of her face frightened him. She crept into his arms and nestled there silently with dry, staring eyes. He stroked the golden-brown hair with an utter sense of helplessness.

"Nothing yet," he said finally, and there was a thin assumption of cheeriness in his tone. "It may be another hour, but it will come—it will come."

"But if it doesn't, Gene?" she queried insistently. Always her mind went back to that possibility.

"We shall cross no bridges until we reach them," he replied. "There is always a chance that the pigeons might have gone astray, for they have this single disadvantage against the incalculable advantage of offering no clew to any one as to where they go; and it is impossible to follow them. If nothing comes within half an hour now I shall send two more."

"And then, if nothing comes?"

"Then, my dear, then we shall begin to worry."

Half an hour passed; the little bell was silent; Claflin and Sutton were still visible from the window. Miss Kellner's eyes were immovably fixed on Mr. Wynne's face, and he repressed his gnawing anxiety with an effort. Finally he wrote again on the tissue slips—three of them this time—and together they climbed to the roof, attached the messages, and watched the birds disappear.

Another hour—two hours—two hours and a half passed. Suddenly the girl arose with pallid face and colorless lips.

"I can't stand it, Gene, I can't!" she exclaimed hysterically. "I must know. The telephone?"

"No," he commanded harshly, and he, too, arose. "No."

"I will!" she flashed.

She darted out of the room and along the hall. He followed her with grim determination in his face. She seized the receiver from the hook and held it to her ear.

"Hello!" called Central.

"No." Commanded Mr. Wynne, and He Placed One Hand Over the Transmitter Tightly

"Give me long distance—Coaldale, Number ——"

"No," commanded Mr. Wynne, and he placed one hand over the transmitter tightly. "Doris, you must not!"

"I will!" she flamed. "Let me alone."

"You'll ruin everything," he pleaded earnestly. "Don't you know that they get every number I call? Don't you know that within fifteen minutes they will have that number, and their men will start for there?"

She faced him with blazing eyes.

"I don't care," she said deliberately, and the white face was relieved by an angry flush. "I will know what has happened out there! I must! Gene, don't you see that I'm frantic with anxiety? The money means nothing to me. I want to know if he is safe."

His hand was still gripped over the transmitter. Suddenly she turned and tugged at it fiercely. Her sharp little nails bit into the flesh of his fingers. In a last desperate effort she placed the receiver to her lips.

"Give me long distance, Coaldale Number ——"

With a quick movement he snapped the connecting wire from the instrument, and the receiver was free in her hand.

"Doris, you are mad!" he protested. "Wait a minute, my dear girl—just a minute."

"I don't care! I *will* know!"

Mr. Wynne turned and picked up a heavy cane from the hall-stand, and brought it down on the transmitter with all his strength. The delicate mechanism jangled and tingled, then the front fell off at their feet. The diaphragm dropped and rolled away.

"Doris, you must not!" he commanded again gravely. "We will find another way."

"How dare you?" she demanded violently. "It was cowardly."

"You don't understand ——"

"I understand it all," she broke in. "I understand that this might lead to the failure of the thing you are trying to do. But I don't care. I understand that already I have lost my father and my brother in this; that my grandmother and my mother were nearly starved to death while it was all being planned; all for these hideous diamonds Diamonds! Diamonds! Diamonds! I've heard nothing all my life but that. As a child it was dinned into me, and now I am sick and weary of it all. I know—I *know* something has happened to him now. I hate them! I hate them!"

She stopped, glared at him with scornful eyes for an instant, then ran up the stairs again. Mr. Wynne touched a button in the wall, and the maid appeared.

"Go lock the back door, and bring me the key," he commanded.

The maid went away, and a moment later returned to hand him the key. He still stood in the hall, waiting.

After a little there came a rush of skirts, and Miss Kellner ran down the steps dressed for the street.

"Doris," he pleaded, "you must not go out now. Wait just a moment—we'll find a way, and then I'll go with you."

She tried to pass him, but his outstretched arms made her a prisoner.

"Do I understand that you refuse to let me go?" she asked tensely.

"Not like this," he replied. "If you'll give me just a little while then perhaps—perhaps I may go with you. Even if something had happened there you could do nothing alone. I, too, am afraid now. Just half an hour—fifteen minutes! Perhaps I may find a plan."

Suddenly she sank down on the stairs, with her face in her hands. He caressed her hair tenderly, then raised her to her feet.

"Suppose you step into the back parlor here," he requested. "Just give me fifteen minutes. Then, unless I can find a way for us to go together safely, we will throw everything aside and go anyway. Forgive me, dear."

She submitted quietly to be led along the hall. He opened the door into a room and stood aside for her to pass.

"Gene, Gene!" she exclaimed.

Her soft arms found their way about his neck, and she drew his face down and kissed him; then, without a word, she entered the room and he closed the door. A minute passed—two, four, five—and Mr. Wynne stood as she left him, then he opened the front door and stepped out.

Frank Claflin was just starting toward the house from the corner with deliberate pace when he glanced up and saw Mr. Wynne signaling for him to approach. Could it

(Continued on Page 31)

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 2, 1909

Government by the Dead

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT joins us in saying "Scat!" to Coke and Blackstone.

In a recent message to Congress the President observes: "The chief law-makers in our country may be, and often are, the judges, because they are the final seat of authority. Every time they interpret contract, property, vested rights, due process of law, liberty, they necessarily enact into law parts of a system of social philosophy. . . . The decisions of the courts on economic and social questions depend upon their [the judges'] economic and social philosophy, and for the peaceful progress of our people during the twentieth century we shall owe most to those judges who hold to a twentieth-century economic and social philosophy, and not to a long outgrown philosophy which was itself the product of primitive economic conditions."

The fact that a statute is in derogation of the common law should be regarded as presumptively in its favor, instead of being regarded as damningly against it. You wouldn't find the Steel Corporation, for example, looking up precedents of the time of Charles I to determine how its business ought to be conducted. It would be an excellent thing if the law schools would require of candidates for a degree thirty days' experience in a modern factory instead of the conventional thesis on torts.

A Happening on the Coast

THE latest verdict of guilty in the case of Abe Ruef is, of course, merely an incident: one of the happenings in a contest which began more than thirty months ago and no end of which is, as yet, in sight. That learned counsel will overlook no chance to make void the verdict is a matter of course. They may be as successful as they were in the case of Mayor Schmitz.

The important question isn't whether one Ruef shall spend a certain period in the penitentiary, either. Two years and a half ago an extensive and exceedingly nauseous mess of civic corruption in San Francisco was disclosed by the confessions of a number of bribe-takers. Since then there has never been any question of the actual guilt of Ruef and Schmitz. The only question of actual guilt is raised in another quarter—by or on behalf of men of wealth for whose benefit the bribes were given. Of late there has been something of a disposition—shared by gentlemen who have been indicted for bribe-giving—to regard the whole affair as a misfortune of the vulgar which it were better to say no more about.

The only important question concerns the bribe-givers. If they cannot be reached the personal outcome to Ruef and his like is of little general consequence.

Sweet Bells Out of Tune

WE BELIEVE very much in the therapeutic properties of music. Shakespeare—who was as much in advance of the science of his day as the persons who edit the scientific departments of the Sunday newspapers are in advance of the science of our day—was upon solid physiological ground when he alleged music's power to soothe the savage breast. Experiments in quieting lunatics by strains of sweet harmony have been as successful as other experiments in exciting them by charging five dollars to hear a fifty-cent aria. No doubt most nervous disorders would yield to music—in time.

We often wonder why this great composing and curative agency is not resorted to by a class of people who are especially troubled with their nerves. We mean musicians. How distressing, at this season of good-will, to hear those staccato and dissentious sounds which percolate from our most notable harmony factories. Are these cymbals with which several melodious ladies are warily approaching the successor of Apollo, known to mortals as Oscar? They are not. They are stove lids. This gentle emulation between Signor Gatti-Casazza and Herr Dippel makes a noise like a stringless 'cello with a cat in it. Here are Signor Colombini and Signor Campanini, whose very names compose a little lyric; and one is calling the other "Jackass!"

Fie! Fie! Let them get together and trill. Let them hire a phonograph. Let Oscar sing bass and the others fiddle. They ought to hear some music and be tranquilized.

The Passing of the Postmaster

IF YOU can imagine the sweet Auburn of Goldsmith with the schoolmaster and the parson left out you will get, approximately, a view of the doom which President Roosevelt is preparing for American villages. The President's order puts every fourth-class post-office east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio under civil-service rules. This means, simply, that the postmaster will be no more.

There will, of course, be a person to look after the mail. No doubt he will usurp the old title. But he will have secured his job by a competitive examination, and everybody will know it. He will not be the old postmaster that we knew, with awe, in our youth—the local symbol, rallying point, recruiting agent and official strategist of the party, the pal of the Congressman, the receptacle and the fount of political knowledge. To the young and the curious he may be an object of some interest as a male person who can name the capitals of every State in the Union, has read the Constitution, and knows, offhand, how much change a man ought to get if he tenders a dollar bill in payment for nineteen two-cent stamps. School-children may go to him to learn when Columbus discovered America; but no longer will the elders go to find out how Lone Elm precinct is going to vote this election.

The President's order, of course, makes for good government; but it simply plays hob with tradition.

The Plight of the Elder Statesmen

FOR some six years the first paragraph of the third section of the second article of the Constitution of the United States has been the subject of grave deliberation among the elder statesmen. They think it ought to be amended. It provides: "He [the President] shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient."

By virtue of this paragraph the President has just been informing Congress that the state of the Union is unsatisfactory, in that Congress, at its last session, egregiously played into the hands of land and timber thieves. Information that Congress was more or less rotten, he has, several times, conveyed to them in strict constitutional form.

Now, the elder statesmen are fairly bulging with information of the state of the Union which they deem it highly expedient that the President should receive—as, for example, that the Union is suffering under an atrocious Executive. They are yearning to recommend various measures to him—chiefly of a mortuary nature. But the Constitution nowhere provides for a reciprocal epistolary arrangement between President and Congress. They cannot send a message to the White House. They have to take it out among themselves. Therefore every Presidential message of the last five years has been followed by the sound of elder statesmen blowing up in the cloakroom.

The March of Money and Misery

WE DISCOVER, little by little, that we can do business profitably without being inhuman. "It seems to be a law of Nature that the poor should, to a certain degree, be improvident, that there may always be some to fulfill the most servile and ignoble offices. The stock of human happiness is thereby much increased, whilst the more delicate are left free to pursue those callings which are suited to their dispositions. The Poor-Law tends to destroy the harmony and beauty, the symmetry and order of that system which God and Nature have established in the world."

So wrote a pious and philosophic clergyman a hundred years ago. He expressed the opinion of many of his contemporaries.

Nearer our own time an idea that national prosperity depended upon a liberal supply of human misery was soberly advanced. Manufactures created wealth, but they could not flourish except with many workmen, and the poor would not work properly unless they were at the edge of starvation. "Prior to the Act of 1833," says an old English factory report, "young persons and children were worked all night, all day, or both." That act, fixing the factory workday at fifteen hours for adults, twelve hours for those between thirteen and eighteen, and eight hours for those between nine and thirteen, was bitterly assailed as destructive of industry.

Probably our great-grandfathers—especially if successfully engaged in trade would have shaken their heads over us as little better than anarchists.

It is pleasant to think, also, that our great-grandchildren will probably shake their heads over us as little better than brutes.

Dealing With the Railroads

AN EMINENT manufacturer concludes that the railroads will never be good until the Government owns them.

The conclusion strikes us as hasty. Nearly a year ago the roads began yearning powerfully to make a flat advance of about ten per cent. in freight rates. But they haven't ventured to try it, and the probability that they will venture daily grows less. Meanwhile, almost weekly, the Interstate Commerce Commission, upon hearing, orders a reduction of some specific rate.

It seems to us that the danger of extortion by unreasonable rates steadily diminishes: that phase of the problem appears to be already well in the way of a satisfactory adjustment.

In New England and the West especially, the roads still meddle with politics. Wherever they touch politics the touch leaves a rotten spot. These railroads will have to stop it or, eventually, the Government will have to own them.

The other great fault is exhibited in Wall Street. Perhaps the stock-watering of the Rock Island and Alton deals—to mention only two—would not be tolerated now; and if modesty on the part of magnates doesn't prevent it, a statute similar to Senator Dolliver's bill certainly will. The manipulation, upon the Stock Exchange, of genuine securities shows no abatement. Government ownership, of course, would end that so far as concerns railroad shares. But, on the whole, the experiment of socializing the railroads by Government regulation (or civilizing them, if the other word shocks any overtender sensibilities) is working encouragingly. Certainly, we can afford to give it ample trial before turning to the more drastic and hazardous alternative of Government ownership.

Russia's Price for Refugees

THE Russian Government says Christian Rudowitz is a murderer; but few people in this country believe that is why it has taken so much trouble to transfer him from Chicago to its own benevolent jurisdiction.

Russia has been energetic of late in pressing for extradition from the United States of subjects whom it accuses of vulgar crimes. The reason seems obvious. An exceedingly vigorous, but not discriminating, application of gallows and bayonet has pretty well subdued revolutionary activity at home. In Europe there is now practically no right of asylum for political refugees. England and the United States nominally remain to them. If revolutionists can be persuaded, by means of a few striking object-lessons, that those who plot against the bureaucracy cannot escape its vengeance by fleeing to the United States the Russian Government will gain a point of much strategic importance. That humble Christian Rudowitz was selected to furnish one of the object-lessons seems most probable.

This Government—itself the product of a revolution—would not surrender a political offender. Possibly it cannot, under its treaty with a power alleged to be civilized, refuse to surrender a revolutionist whom that power circumstantially accuses of a non-political crime, and whom it would as lief hang on a charge of murder as on a charge of treason—the effect upon himself and his associates being the same.

But for every political refugee dragged home to the hangman, Russia must pay the price of increased anger and detestation on the part of the people of the United States. The price will be found too high.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ All women oppose early marriages: they prefer them at evening or high noon.

¶ If you shout it from the housetops, you are preaching over the heads of your hearers.

¶ Words are sometimes efficacious, but the best sermons have been preached by Example.

¶ You have to be clever to live within your income, but you must be cleverer to live without it.

¶ Your enemies are the best reflection of your own character: a strong man rarely has weak foes.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Bold Soldier Boy

PA EDWARDS didn't want Clarence to go into the Army. Pa had the biggest wholesale grocery business in Ohio, at Cleveland, and it was his idea that Clarence should stay home and take over the store with Harry, the other son, so he could have more time to breed trotting horses, which was Pa's amusement.

Pa never could see any sense in brass buttons and gold braid and tessellated satraps and all that sort of thing. The good, old grocery business for him, with its profits and its sturdy independence, to say nothing of the joy of having a choice collection of light-harness horses in the stable, to put it all over Mark Hanna and those other chaps out there in Cleveland who thought they knew the real thing in horse flesh and had some steppers worth mentioning.

Clarence had ideas of his own. One day he slipped down to see Pa's particular friend, Amos Townsend, who was a Member of Congress, and Amos appointed him to West Point. Pa was furious about it, but Clarence went to West Point and graduated, and now he is Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, which corresponds to the British person who is Secretary of State for the Colonies, only, of course, in a Republic like ours we couldn't allow any title like that to get by. Colonies? Not much.

Clarence had the usual army experiences in the West, getting in on the latter part of the Indian fighting and, finally, being assigned to Fort Porter, at Buffalo. While there he organized and ran the first canteen, and did it so successfully that he was complimented for it. Pa, whose other name was Bill, heard of it and fairly snorted. "Dod rat it!" he shouted. "Look at that! There's a boy with a genius for the grocery business wasting himself in the Army. Look what he has done down there at Buffalo! Ran that canteen store in shipshape. Of course he did. Inherited the talent, I tell you, and there he is in the Army, working for a few measly dollars a year. Huh!"

Well, the Spanish War came along and the Philippines followed in due course, and Edwards went out there with Lawton. He was in all the fights Lawton had, and whenever Lawton had a few spare moments he used to write recommendations for promotion for Edwards, for bravery and good soldiering. Edwards swam the Zapata River with his command and flanked the enemy and whipped them, but he was a regular and there was no promotion in it for him. Only volunteers get promotions for swimming in the Philippines.

Keeping Tab on His Little Brown Brethren

HE ACTED as Lawton's adjutant-general. Here the business instinct cropped out. He always knew everything about his men, about their supplies, how to get them, and all that. He was invaluable to Lawton and to his succeeding commanders. Also, having an inquiring and well-ordered mind Edwards looked around in the Philippines and absorbed all sorts of information. He found out about political and business conditions, and, presently, came to be such an authority that he was relied upon for detailed, specific information about our little brown brethren, their works and ways.

After a time the Bureau of Insular Affairs was organized and President McKinley appointed Edwards chief of it. Edwards had kept up his study of Philippine conditions. He knew all about everything, it seemed. Mr. Taft, who had known him in the islands, used him continually while he was governor of the islands, and Edwards was here, running the Insular Bureau. Edwards was modest, quiet, not yapping forever about promotions, and he was strenuous enough to be in favor at the White House after Mr. Roosevelt came in.

When Taft came back as Secretary of War he found Edwards his most valuable aide in Philippine matters. If a group of inquiring Members of Congress wanted to find out something about the proposed Philippine tariff, Edwards was on tap with any information needed, from the exact number of pounds of hemp raised and the price, to the latest quotations for sultans and dattos. Edwards, with that business mind he inherited from Pa, was a wonder. He had an orderly and amazing array of correct information in his head, and he did not go bloviating around about it, either. He said he was only a clerk in the War Department and merely there to do his work and tell what he knew when he was called on.

He developed tuberculosis in the throat. His doctors ordered him to the Army tubercular hospital in the Southwest, and Edwards went and lay in a cot for eighteen months, calmly, without any wailing about his hard luck, and came back cured in half the time it usually takes to fight off such an infection. Put his mind to it, and won out, you see.

A Hard-Headed, Right-Minded, Two-Fisted Citizen Who Has Gone a Long Way in the Army

He was chums with Taft. They went out riding together. They ate together. They both came from Ohio, and as soon as the Taft star began to rise Edwards helped all he could. When Taft made his trip around the world Edwards went along. He fixed things. No situation was so perplexing that Edwards could not straighten it out. He had all the railroad schedules, all the transportation problems, all the arrangements down pat. He was the general manager of the troupe, and Taft was the leading man. Whenever it was necessary for Taft to give a show Edwards was stage-manager, prompter, chief support, and took the tickets at the door. He ran everything.

Then it came about that Taft was reasonably certain of the nomination for President. Edwards, while loyal to the strenuous methods of exercise and outdoor communion championed by the President, dug up a set of golf sticks and produced a few cups he had won out at Chevy Chase between river-fording and crag-jumping. The President thinks golf is an old woman's game, and the President-elect thinks it the grandest sport in the world. Not to put too fine an edge on it, Edwards is prepared for any contingency. He can jump hurdles with the President or he can give the President-elect half a stroke a hole and win, now and then. A good, handy, all-around man. That business mind that he got from Pa, you understand.

A Wholesale Grocer Lost to Fame

THERE is much gossip about who the strong men in the Taft Administration will be. There must be some close ones to take the place of the Tennis Cabinet. Taft cannot have a Tennis Cabinet, for Taft cannot play tennis. Certain dimensions, east and west, prevent that. But Taft will be like every other President. He will have a circle of insiders, other than his Cabinet, with whom he can advise, if he wants to, but, principally, with whom he can foregather and have fun, can talk to without expecting to be harpooned every moment for an office or a favor.

He will have them. Probably it will be a Golf Cabinet, and he may put a nine-hole course in the back yard of the White House. Why not? President Roosevelt built a tennis court. There are a lot of politicians who are learning to play golf now, trying desperately to find the difference between a stymie and a slice. There will be candidates for the Golf Cabinet by the score. But, whatever happens, there is one man who will be in, one man who will exert as much influence with the new President as any other, and probably more than many others, and that one will be Clarence Edwards. He is number one in the Golf Cabinet now. Taft likes him and depends on him, and Edwards will see that the regard does not die.

Nor will any one who knows Edwards envy him any preference that may come his way. He has gone about his business ever since he has been in the Army, quietly, modestly, capably. He has made a big success of his difficult Philippine proposition, and he has done it without unnecessary horn-blowing or drum-beating. He is a hard-headed, right-minded, two-fisted citizen. And he has gone a long way in the Army.

And, as Pa Edwards always contended, he had the makings of a great wholesale grocer in him, too.

Tried the Jumping Habit

EDWARD J. BRUNDAGE, President of the Cook County Board of Commissioners that built Cook County's five-million-dollar courthouse, began life selling papers. A Detroit railroad man, who was one of his patrons, noticed that he "was business" and offered him a job as messenger-boy. He made good and was given a clerkship. There he kept up the habit, and was jumped to a chief clerkship and transferred to Chicago. Then he determined to get out of the office-rut and do things for himself. The law looked good to him, and he began to burn the midnight oil over Blackstone. When he was admitted to the bar he resigned his railroad job and began active practice. The boss of the district in which he lived took notice of him and decided he was good legislative timber. He was nominated and elected.

Again he made good and was given two more terms. He talked little and worked much—and kept his hands clean. The Republicans needed a strong man to head the county ticket, and young Brundage was chosen on the ground that he would "make good."

But Mr. Brundage has done other things besides making a record in building the courthouse. One of the first "results," which he scored upon assuming the management of Cook County's affairs was the passage, by the Illinois Legislature, of the "Doctors' Civil Service Act." It placed the leading physicians of the West, who served the public as an attending-staff, under the merit system. Examinations resulting attracted wide attention. They covered the highest character of service ever placed under Civil Service rule. The plan was in the nature of an experiment. It proved a success.

They Met at Luncheon

BARON HENGELMULLER, the Austrian Ambassador, was making conversation at a dinner-party.

"Did you ever visit the Selkirks?" he inquired of the lady at his right.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied his neighbor airily. "I have taken luncheon with them many times."

The Hall of Fame

¶ George Ade, the humorist and playwright, keeps six automobiles and a hundred cows on his farm at Brook, Indiana.

¶ Levi P. Morton has thirty-one wigs, one for each day in the month, while John D. Rockefeller has but half a dozen, all told.

¶ Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, smokes dollar cigars, while the kind John Hays Hammond gives away cost thirty cents each.

¶ N. V. V. Franchot, of Olean, New York, former Superintendent of Public Works for New York State and now president of the Mid-Continent Oil Association, began life as an oil gauger.

¶ Professor S. M. Babcock, of the University of Wisconsin, who invented the Babcock separator, did not patent his invention, but gave it to the people, although he might have made a fortune out of it.

¶ Charles R. Sherlock, general advertising agent for the United Cigar Stores Company, wrote a few novels before he began to write advertisements, and before that ran a newspaper at Syracuse, New York.

¶ Will Irwin probably travels as many miles in a year as any man who writes for a living. He thinks nothing of a jump from Chicago to South America, and couldn't tell you whether New York or San Francisco was his home.

¶ Cash Cade, who is a banker at Shawnee, Oklahoma, Republican National Committeeman for that State and likely to be the next Governor, was christened Cassius Marcellus, but the Oklahoma folks refuse to call him anything but Cash.

Help
Pick the
In a recent issue of the Saturday E
people of different nationalities, a deal
expressed opinions of Kellogg's Toasted
YOU would say it. For the best, most o
supply of Toasted Corn Flakes, FREE.
The replies came pouring in the day after the
hours the mail had brought hundreds. They c
Canada. Men, women and children, doctors, law
ters, contributed their opinions.
Then came the problem — which answer was th
We are puzzled — so we are going to ask the re
the "Post" to decide who will get the prize.
We have selected a number of the best of these
sions and have printed them on these two pages.
in your opinion, is the best one?
To the FIRST PERSON selecting the one which
the MOST votes, we will give another year's su
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes as another specia
Make your selection by number, and, at th
time, if you care to, tell us in a few word
YOU think of this most delicious of all br
foods — Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.
are one of the few who have never t
buy a package today, as we would
larly like YOUR opinion.
TOASTED CORN FLAK
BATTLE CREE
MICHI
K—INKY FLAKES.
E—VERY MORN.
L—ABOR SAVES.
L—OVELY CORN.
O—HOW GOOD
G—OES THIS FOOD.
G—IVE ME MINE
'S—TORM OR SHINE.
—WALTER PARKINSON,
116 Wells Street,
Toronto, Can
If "Taste Tells" In Cornflakes, Kellogg's Leads Easily. Substitute Makes Are Not 'Satisfactory. They Are Surely "Tough Eating."
—R F BALWIN
Kwit ye That Confounded Folly
art away he Corn akes
ome and aste Celestial ood
ellogg's oasted Corn lakes
F F Bradley, 9064 Pleasand Avenue, Chicago, Ill
75
PAR-EXCELLENCE
C J Ausmer 22 S Pine Ave. Chicago, Ill.
25
Would say it is truly good
W B Crosby,
Sarnia (Ont.) Minutes Co.
85
She served a quick meal for her sa
He ate and he ate and he eight—
I'm telling the strait and strate and
straight.
"I'll go you a pointer," said s
"For breakfast and dinner and t
Serve Kellogg's new great it is grate
It is straight
18
Got burned when kissing the fla
She burned to
Put with Toasted Corn Flakes
29
To watch me make Corn Flakes home
If he tried to take down my performan
He'd make signs like the deaf and the
dumb
Miss Kate A Shattuck
Lake Charles, La
R F D No 1
Toasted Corn Flakes tells the breakfast
like Sterling tells the silver
1626 Main St Pawtucket, R I
Wm H Bowker.
107
Get wife to Kellogg's Toasted Corn
Flakes. They're the one best
Keepers say so. and they ought to know
31
Mrs Ora G Browne
Birmingham, Ala
There is only one thing more satisfactory than the satisfaction of breakfasting on Toasted Corn Flakes, that is the satisfaction of knowing how satisfactory the next breakfast of Toasted Corn Flakes will be
94
Mrs J E Spangler
Kansas City, Mo
2021 Warwick Blvd
They have the taste, they stop the waste of tissue, bone and brain. They taste like more sold in each good store and served on every train
Geo H Tudhope
34 Gorge St
92
Toronto.
Mary has lots of time to play now
Since she never cakes
Her husband were hungry
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes
Mrs G H Bateman
2035 W. Somerset St
Philadelphia, Pa
61
For Goodness sakes
I am not a better breakfast than Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes with cream
Mrs Wm Borchardt
Austinville, Va
59
I am not a Frenchman I can't read his lingo.
The Japanese line looks like nothing but
The Jew talk barks back to The Pyra-
mid days
But the Sphinx holds in trust what the
The soft Spanish tones beat the Dutch'
The deaf and the dumb come with each
a full hand
The stenographer takes a short cut' to
Where they form a committee," you see
The topic discussed is just "What's in
The answer though Polyglot, meaning
All declare the best breakfast food
And each, in his way loudly calls for
Toasted Corn Flakes
the stakes
Mrs L B
R F D No 14
17
They melt in the
Like snowflakes in a hotter
Our seven children
Or Kellogg's Corn
Use in
Mrs John Lewis
Harlem Ave
10
Then's a toast to Toasted Corn
And what I know about it
It takes the cake although in flake—
I would not do without it
It satisfies the nicest taste—
It is the week's fester
Agrees with men of every taste
Of all foods is the best
Mrs M F Watson
97 Anita Ave
Houston, Tex
30
Bury me under a ton of the flakes and let me eat my way out.
R L Albert Covington, La.
116
In German, you
Or Swiss Confection phrases,
May call your liege
That Grand and Regal
And sing your nation's praises
But Yiddish Japs,
Finns, Hottentots and Latins,
On land, on seas on lakes,
Whether they go
All know Kellogg's Toasted Flakes
In Kellogg's Toasted Flakes.
975 Harcourt Ave
R S Winans,
Cincinnati, O
6
Good for breakfast, good for dinner
Good for Christian good for sinner
Good Swiss keto it
says took ed better
Roy L Scurfield
Berkeley, Cal
1118 Hearst Ave
43
In every clime
In every land where people dine
Is sung in prose or rhyme
It has but one word or sign
And let it always stand the test
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.
Known as the very best
Mrs H T Pittman
Birmingham, Ala
2309 10th Av S
35
We are a dyspeptic race because our digestion is overtaxed by the multiplicity of conglomerate food preparations. Let us reverse matters and make a breakfast largely of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, the sweet, nutritious, easily digested product of the corn and thus give Nature a daily rest
G A Flanagan
Mayaguez, Porto Rico
104
Don't miss your train breakfast either
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes
Are right
Now York City
20
Corn is King, Corn fed beef wins all
Corn makes men Bill Bryan and
Bill McKinley
Corn Flakes with cream and
9
It sure does satisfy
the hour man
Fort Worth, Tex
58
Corn bread and corn cakes
Corn whiskey and corn flakes
But better than all
Are flakes
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes
67
Toasted Corn Flakes are fine
Light, but not
Warm in a pan
Let all
Miss Hermina Blum
Little Mun
82
Toasted Corn Flakes to a man at
breakfast time would be fit
Mrs D C Anglin
Anglin Bros. Anglin
Ont. Canada
45
Simply fine. It can't be beat
Something every
On the table three a day
It's the only Ready
Of the many kinds and makes
Tastes best of Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Mrs E C Jenkins
Hulett, Wyo.
36
It tickles all the way down
Sam J A
Pine Bluff, Ark
71
Your Corn Flakes are to me the same
as breathing
BOBBIE'S Get
Say, pop, does the world go around
Why certainly, son
"That makes
don't it—
You but you better go to bed
We will always have Mr Kellogg's
Corn Flakes at breakfast time
We
They are the best son Why do you
ask such
Oh I was just thinking how glad I
am the world goes around
W H Hugg
Salt Lake City
54
207 Main St
Your "Sweetheart of the corn" is, as was the Sweetheart of my youth.
W H Rust, Hazen, Ark
49
It is to a
Hunter Arms
Fulton, N Y
34
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—
With their weight of gold
As a system builder for
Battle Creek, Mich
Char
78
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes
The doctor's every
And a joy forever to their owner
Charlotte, Mich
22
I used to starve in want of an appe
I take breakfast, but this has made me a
Albert A Best
Groton, Conn
111
5 Broad St
Kellogg's Corn
Flakes the
Oak St
42
The first taste is as delicious and en-
ing as the first kiss and like the first
kiss, always calls for more
Mrs W D Dickinson,
Burkeville, Va
1
It is so delightfully delicious, that a hungry
feeling steals over you when you see a grocer a shop
R A Brown, 315 West 20th St
New York City
53
Your Corn Flakes did me a lot of good
I was all run down
Now I am fat and rosy
What's the use of these awful quakes?
The answer is Toasted Corn Flakes
Eat Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes
A Nicholson
Manchester, Mass
63
I suggest, if I may, you answer my
friend—
Does anticipation
Or realization
Cause Toasted Corn Flakes to give joy
without end?
Geo H Gilso
Yonkers, N Y
Box 386
2
Toasted Corn Flakes are fine
Light, crisp and delicious
Make the best breakfast food
Toasted Corn Flake
W Benjamin
Boston, Mass
15 Tremont St
50
Toasted Corn Flakes are fine
Make the best breakfast food
Toasted Corn Flake
W Benjamin
Boston, Mass
15 Tremont St
50
Corn bread whiskey and corn flakes
But better than all
Are flakes
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes
67
Gentlemen—
Our little Sis
Seems to feel
She eats for
Of Corn
Their
Send Good
Corn Flakes
breakfast
Mrs James
Lock Box 93
Battle Creek, Mich
76
WHAT MOTHER WOULD SAY
Toasted Corn Flakes?
Why, good land
We can't do
Father demands 'em,
(That's me!)
(Mother hands 'em)
Kids rave about them!
Mrs Laura E Stone
Cora Rock York Co Pa
56
I never felt
but Kellogg's
Toast
Walton Ave
97
Philadelphia, Pa
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes
Are
Mrs G H Bateman
2035 W. Somerset St
Philadelphia, Pa
61
Corn is King, Corn fed beef wins all
Corn makes men Bill Bryan and
Bill McKinley
Corn Flakes with cream and
9
Toasted Corn Flakes
Are
Mrs G H Bateman
2035 W. Somerset St
Philadelphia, Pa
61

Us Winner

ening Post we told you how five and dumb man and a stenographer, Corn Flakes, and we asked you how iginal expression we offered a year's

Post" was issued. Within forty-eight me from all over the country, Mexico and yers and mini-

e best?
ders of
expres-
Which,
eceives
pply of
l prize.
e name
s what
ealfast
If you
ried it,
particu-

E CO.
K,
G A N

Kindred to Ambrosia, 'tis
Every grain a new delight.
Lightens loads imposed by "biz"
Lessens burdens in your sight.
Oh, I say, it's scrumptuous quite.
Grain of gold, pure gold it is.
Gives your tired brain a whizz,
'Starts your day's work going right.

74 —Ralph B. Fry, Scituate, Mass.

And then some

Tickles the 37 Master

W. K. Kellogg

This signature identifies the genuine

Have you tried it in Winter with Hot Milk? It's Delicious.

YOUR SAVINGS

The Facts About Bond Syndicates

WHEN the investor goes to his investment banker or broker and buys a high-class railroad bond the chances are that he does not stop to realize the process through which the bond has gone in order to pass from the railroad to himself. If the investor had bought a pair of shoes or a barrel of flour or a suit of clothes he would know at once that the article purchased had come from mill to consumer through a middleman. The same thing is true of bonds. Railroads and corporations do not ordinarily sell their securities direct to the investor. They lack the facilities for financing and selling. They dispose of their bonds in very much the same way that the manufacturer sells his wares, that is, with the aid of an intermediary. In the case of railroads and corporations this intermediary is a syndicate, and a knowledge of the working of its machinery is of interest and value to the investor.

Let us take the concrete case of a railroad that wants to issue twenty-five million dollars' worth of bonds. It is a prosperous system and has a good earning record. It has an issue of bonds maturing, and not only requires money to take up these bonds but needs additional funds for the improvement of roadbed and the building of stations. After the directors and the finance committee agree on the financial needs of the company the president calls in the syndicate banker. Most of the great railroad systems of the country have regular banking connections, and these connections are usually called on to float bonds. The accredited bankers of the Harriman lines, for example, are Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; J. P. Morgan & Co. are recognized as the financiers of the Vanderbilt and Hill lines; Speyer & Co. are the Rock Island bankers. Only a few firms or banks are able to assume the responsibility of a big bond syndicate underwriting, for the reason that great risk is often involved, and a failure of the syndicate might make the bankers liable for a large sum of money.

Feeling the Way for Bond Issues

Since the floating of a big bond issue involves many millions of dollars the syndicate banker is not usually willing to go it alone. So he asks other bankers to participate in the scheme and forms a syndicate which pools the risk, profit or loss. There have been instances, however, where one big banking firm took a whole issue of bonds.

Before launching a syndicate the bankers in charge, who are technically known as the syndicate managers, "feel out" their fellow-bankers and brokers on the proposition. A big Wall Street bank that had been invited to participate in a foreign bond issue sent three hundred telegrams to its clients all over the country asking if they would be interested. Their reply, in the main, was favorable and the bank went into the syndicate. Syndicate managers sound life-insurance companies, big capitalists and brokers to find out if they are disposed to join in the enterprise. When the syndicate managers are assured that they will have no trouble in underwriting the issue (as the performance is known), they proceed to take up with the railroad the matter of bringing out the bonds. In the case of a great railroad it is understood that the bankers have a complete knowledge of its financial condition and its resources.

The contract for the syndicate is known as the syndicate agreement. Although some differ as to minor details, they are all drawn up after one general form. These agreements are never sent out broadcast, and are regarded as confidential documents, for the reason that they contain the price at which the bonds are underwritten. Since this price is lower than the price at which the public gets the bonds there is reason for not letting it be known.

By the terms of the syndicate agreement the syndicate managers become absolute dictators in the transaction. They have full powers to terminate the syndicate at any time, although usually a definite date is fixed. The compensation of the managers is also set forth. They usually retain for their services a commission of one-half of one per cent. over and above the regular syndicate profits. The net profits of the syndicate are divided equally among the underwriters, a check for this amount being sent out by the managers. It is an unwritten law in Wall Street that no syndicate subscriber ever asks for an accounting of profits.

The price at which the bonds are underwritten is, of course, a very important consideration. It depends upon the state of the money market and the general investment conditions. If money is very high it sometimes follows that short-term notes, instead of bonds, are issued. In any case, a kind of security and a rate of interest and a price are agreed upon which best meet the requirements of the time. In the concrete example being used in this article it will be assumed that the bond market is fairly active and that fifty-year four per cent. refunding bonds will be issued. The underwriting or syndicate price is 95. This means that the price at which the bonds will be offered at public subscription will be not less than 97.

Forming the Syndicate

If Mr. Morgan is the syndicate manager he will send out letters to various banks and firms telling them that he has allotted them a share in the underwriting and asking if they want to come in. Mr. Morgan's invitations of this kind are usually commands, for a refusal to go into a syndicate often means that the refuser will not have another chance to decline. It follows, therefore, that brokers are glad to go into a syndicate, even with little chance of profit, in order to be kept on the eligible list for future syndicates.

The syndicate managers have one object in mind, and this is to sell the bonds. Therefore, they only ask such brokers to join them as can successfully sell the security. It is generally understood in such transactions that the underwriting brokers are expected also to subscribe for the bonds at public subscription. Thus they have an added incentive to sell them.

By public subscription is meant the offering of the bonds to the public. Just as soon as the syndicate is formed the syndicate managers issue advertisements in the newspapers and financial publications offering the bonds. A limited time is allowed the public to subscribe. As already indicated, the price at which the bonds are offered the public is usually from two to three points higher than the underwriting price. Sometimes the whole issue is subscribed by the public. In this case the members of the syndicate get their profit without the expenditure of a cent. The average profit in a syndicate that works out this way is about one and one-half per cent.

It often happens, however, that only half of the issue is subscribed by the public. In this case the members of the syndicate get their share of the profits of this sale and then get their allotment of the remaining unsold bonds at the underwriting price. Right here is where losses are sometimes incurred. In 1906, for example, several bond issues, notably a Lake Shore issue, were underwritten at 98½. The public only took a part of the issue. By the time the syndicate was dissolved and the bonds were distributed they were being sold on the market for 93. Yet the members of the syndicate had to take theirs at 98½.

Middlemen a Necessity

From the moment the public subscription begins the bond enters upon its public career and starts on its journey to the investor. Frequently it is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. No bond can be listed, however, until it is distributed. It may appear successively in the offerings of a dozen investment houses, and have fifty different owners before it lands safely in the safety-vault box of the saver or the institution.

Practically all issues of railroad bonds are underwritten by syndicates. Once or twice railroads have tried to sell their bonds direct to the investor, but the attempts were practical failures. They brought the roads into disfavor with the big bankers, and the railroads need these bankers in hard times.

In addition to the three great international banking houses already mentioned as active syndicate makers, other big bond syndicate promoters are the National City Bank, of which E. H. Harriman is a director, and the First National Bank, with which J. P. Morgan is affiliated. The National City Bank has been especially active in foreign bond underwritings.

The underwriting of public service corporation bonds is practically the same as those of railroads, although the issues are not as large and fewer firms participate. There is seldom a formal public subscription. Often the public service issue is for only one million dollars and it is brought out by one firm or one big investment house. The bond then becomes what is known as a "specialty" of the house.

Before underwriting the bonds of a street railway or a gas and electric company the investment banker sends engineers to inspect the plant and property; engages lawyers to look into the titles and franchises, and makes a careful examination generally. This investigation, backed up by the reputation of the house, is usually a good guarantee of the stability of the bond.

Municipal bonds are not underwritten. They are usually sold by sealed bid to the highest bidder. This is invariably the case with Government bonds, too.

In this connection it might be helpful to explain a condition which often develops in the investment business. Investment houses offer their "specialties" and other bonds "subject to sale." If the investor happens to live in Seattle and gets a circular advertising a certain bond, he sometimes finds, in ordering the bond, that the price has either gone up or that the supply is gone. It is difficult for him to understand it. This condition is due to the fact that the investment bankers have sold the issue by telephone or telegraph from their home and branch offices within a few days, or that the demand for the bonds has caused the price to go up. The price of bonds is regulated by the law of demand and supply. Not long ago two big New York investment houses, each with a big list of clients, brought out an issue of public service corporation bonds aggregating one million five hundred thousand dollars. They prepared circulars and other literature, but before the matter could be mailed the entire issue had been sold.

The Upward Tendency in Bonds

This article appears at the financial season known as "the period of reinvestment." Most bond interest coupons are payable January and July, and it follows that a great mass of money is disbursed at those times. What to do with it is always a problem for the investor.

Many careful investors have found it a good rule to put the interest money back into the sources of it. This implies that, if you get interest just now from high-class railroad bonds, you would do well to buy another railroad bond. If you haven't enough to buy a bond, you do well to put the interest in a savings-bank.

Although the bond market is very active at the time this article is written, there is every indication that it will be more active after the first of the year. The huge sum disbursed in interest and dividends (the total amount aggregates two hundred million dollars) will be seeking employment, and a larger demand for bonds will follow. In addition, money is becoming more plentiful, and this always results in an advance in the price of bonds.

The increase in the price of bonds since the election in November has ranged from ten to thirty points, the heaviest increase being in convertible bonds which were carried up by the advance in the price of the stocks into which they are convertible. The bond buyer, therefore, will find the present time a good one to obtain high-class bonds at prices which will make the yield desirable. To wait longer will mean a higher price and a lower yield.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
TAX BONDS AND FIRST MORTGAGE SECURITIES

In selecting your investment, whether of $100, $500 or many thousands, the advice and assistance of a well organized, reputable Investment Banking House is of the utmost importance. Its duties to patrons demand the most careful investigation of security and legality.

With a reputation of nearly twenty years, without a single loss to our clients, we feel confidence in our ability as Investment Bankers. Our extensive ownership of high class city municipals affords a wide selection of choice bonds yielding interest from 3.75% to 5%. In addition to such investments, we frequently acquire through favorable purchase issues of TAX BONDS, Irrigation Bonds and Southern and Western School Bonds yielding 5½% to 6%. An example at the present moment is

$150,000-6% Carey Act Gold Bonds, secured by farm mortgage liens and payable in from five to ten years and of Denominations $100, $500 and $1000

The rapidity with which such exceptionally favorable purchases are bought by our patrons in thirty-one States, justifies a request for immediate inquiry from those desiring safety and such exceptional interest return.

Complete descriptions, copies of legal papers and other details will be furnished. Address

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY,
232 Merchants-Laclede Bldg., St. Louis, Missouri

Geo. P. Schmidt Albert R. Gallatin J. P. Kellogg
F. Gallatin, Jr Chas. H Blair, Jr.

Schmidt & Gallatin
Bankers and Brokers

STOCKS AND BONDS
Bought and Sold on Commission

Interest allowed on deposits.
Loans made on collateral security

Members of the New York Stock Exchange
Trinity Building 111 Broadway, New York City

Interest and Dividends
January 1st

To avoid interruption of income it is advisable to reinvest available funds as soon as possible

Our **Annual Bond Book**, dated January 1st, 1909, containing descriptions of well-known bonds, will be of assistance in selecting investment issues.

Copy upon request.

We shall also be glad to make, without charge, appraisals of securities for banks, trustees or individuals.

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.
BANKERS

43 Exchange Place New York
44 State St. Boston
The Rookery Chicago

6% INVESTMENTS 6%

Your money can be safely and profitably employed with First Mortgage Farm security. Write for booklet "E" and list of offerings. Large or small amounts.

E. J. LANDER & COMPANY
GRAND FORKS, N. D.

THRIFT

The Man Who Saves All His Salary

THIS is the story of a man who has eaten his cake, yet still has it. He is a salaried man; worse—a newspaper man. But for five years past he has saved every dollar of his income, and more, and at the same time lived on a generous scale.

It is a story, not of self-denial, but of able management of means—the real thrift. In the spring of 1904 he occupied a New York apartment, rent eight hundred dollars a year, but actually paying seven hundred dollars by one of those special arrangements not uncommon among tenants who know the ways of New York landlords and agents. To-day he could not afford to live in that apartment, because the rent has gone up to twelve hundred dollars a year. Until then he had never saved a dollar. Everything went for living expenses. He drank some of his surplus, played the races, entertained. When the snow melted that year he was two hundred and fifty dollars in debt, money borrowed from a friend to help him through a winter of sickness, during which he had spent one thousand dollars in doctors' and other bills.

"You've studied real estate pretty closely," said this friend one Saturday afternoon. "Come out on Long Island with me to-morrow and give your opinion on a house I'm interested in."

He went, and on returning that evening had purchased a house himself, with two lots, price fifty-seven hundred dollars, agreeing to pay down fifty dollars in a few days, and two hundred dollars by the end of the month. The money for these first payments was secured by drawing his salary in advance, and he moved his family immediately.

That summer he purchased three more lots adjoining his house at four hundred and fifty dollars each. A year later, after thorough study of the locality, he purchased two more at five hundred dollars apiece. A year after that he got three others at the same price. Despite his theoretical knowledge of real-estate values, gained professionally, this journalist paid for each of these lots one hundred dollars more than the seller's real price, as he learned afterward. This was due to the fact that deals were all made with agents. In an old suburb he could have bought of owners direct. But this was a new suburb. Most of the property had originally been sold to investors who held it for increase in values, and lived in distant cities, so that there was no other way of dealing. On each of them, as purchased, he paid one hundred dollars, carrying the balance on mortgages.

Many times during the past five years he has sweat blood when a mortgage had to be renewed or interest met. But to-day his financial status is interesting. The aggregate of property owned, including his home, represents an equity of not less than twenty thousand dollars, in a suburb that has never been boomed. The outlying lots that he bought at four hundred and fifty dollars have since gone up to eight hundred dollars, this being value based on actual offers. In cash he has paid as follows:

House	$2,200
Adjoining lots	600
Outlying lots—Parcel 1	1,250
Outlying lots—Parcel 2	1,200
Total	$5,250

On his house there is still an unpaid balance of thirty-five hundred dollars, and on his outlying lots two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Of course, there have been interest, taxes, insurance and other expenses. But to-day he owns property worth twenty thousand dollars, and his indebtedness is six thousand dollars, so that, in less than five years, he has acquired the equivalent of fourteen thousand dollars. So he has actually saved more than his income—and he started at forty. His property is now rising in value at a rate greater than his salary. The estimated increase is fully thirty-five hundred dollars a year—values have never dropped in this section of Long Island.

Financial results, however, are only part of it. For the best return in this case has been one of character. The only real purpose that can be connected with pain and bereavement in this world is that of character-building. This journalist has found it distinctly improving to be worried occasionally by a mortgage company, even though it didn't seem so at the time the company was turning the screw and squeezing him. For more than a year he has not taken a drink of liquor. For two years he has not gambled. On one occasion, when money was needed badly, he played the races and won fifteen hundred dollars, running up his winnings from a small capital. But he says he wouldn't take that risk again. And it was only during his first two years, when he bought additional lots at agents' prices, that he lost money by being green. From the third year onward he has been capable of managing with the best of the lenders. When the panic developed last year, for example, he improved the psychological moment and bought in one of the mortgages on his house. This had a long period to run, principal fourteen hundred and fifty dollars, and the lender was a real-estate man who had made one hundred dollars apiece on three of his outlying lots. The mortgagee needed money immediately. The mortgagor had some, borrowed more, squaring accounts with that agent by purchasing the lien for a thousand dollars cash.

A Tale of Two Summers

IN THE spring of 1907 a young couple were married and went to Europe. The husband had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank, saved from a five-thousand-dollar salary. They stayed abroad three months, spent it all, and came home happy. As a mental and temperamental investment it was money well spent. That first summer's figures were simple:

Cost of three months in Europe	$1,500
Loss of salary during absence	1,250
Deficiency	$2,750

In the spring of 1908 this couple had two thousand dollars in the bank, partly savings, partly money got by a legacy. In the autumn they had found a suburban house which the owner held at sixty-five hundred dollars. It had been built by a previous owner for his own occupancy, but never used, the present owner buying it as a speculation. Last spring real estate in that part of the country failed to rise with its usual buoyancy. Times were dull. The speculator had to sell something to get money to enable him to carry other property. He sold this house to the young couple for four thousand dollars cash, with an acre of ground. Such a house could hardly be built for less, so the land was virtually acquired for nothing. The new owners paid fifteen hundred dollars cash and gave a mortgage for the remaining twenty-five hundred dollars to a building and loan society, to which they were bound to make a minimum monthly payment of twenty-five dollars, so their other five hundred dollars, together with this summer's surplus, could be put into improvements.

The house was really unfinished. From April to October they were kept pretty busy making plans, overseeing work and meeting the bills on these improvements:

An addition	$450
An attic bedroom	150
Steam-heating plant	350
Water connection	75
Sewerage	80
Electric wiring	100
Grading and grounds	70
Cupboards, bins, carpenter work and sundries	250
Total	$1,525

The fact that this property was acquired for four thousand dollars in no way lessened its normal selling price of last fall. So they assumed that it was worth sixty-five hundred dollars when they took possession. Their improvements added a mortgaging value of fully one thousand dollars more than had been set upon it by the society's appraisers, therefore they estimate that a selling value of at least two thousand dollars has been added. So their second summer of married life shows:

Estimated value of property		$8,500
Paid in cash	$1,500	
Improvements	1,525	
Present mortgage	2,425	
		5,450
Gain		$3,050

A Clerks' Club to Save Salaries

THE clerks in a railroad office were paid monthly. Toward the end of every month there was lack of ready money, and loan sharks did a good business.

To remedy conditions a number of them formed a financial club, choosing a treasurer and two auditors. The duties of the first were to receive and pay out money, keep funds in a bank, and perform the accounting. The auditors supervised the treasurer, presumably, and assured safety. As a matter of fact, though, the clerks in this office knew their man thoroughly, and picked him for his rock-ribbed honesty and general liking for the job.

This club to-day carries out several interesting functions. The first thing it undertook, however, was to become a sort of artificial employer who paid wages weekly. These workers earn an average of seventy-five dollars monthly. On the first pay-day after the club was formed members paid in ten dollars apiece to the treasurer. He credited ten per cent. of all payments to the club, and the rest to the members making them. Jack Johnson, for example, paid in ten dollars, and of this the club kept a dollar and owed Jack nine. There were three more Saturdays before the next regular pay-day. On those three Saturdays the treasurer was Jack's employer, and handed him a pay-envelope containing one-third of the money standing to his credit. Thus, on each of the "off" Saturdays Jack Johnson got paid three dollars. That was not very high wages, but from the start the amount deposited on the regular pay-day was steadily raised three dollars a clip, until eight months afterward the members were handing the treasurer thirty dollars on the railroad pay-day, and getting back nine dollars in the club's pay-envelopes each week until pay-day came again. Some deposited more and some less. This was the average. No set amount was fixed.

On all this money ten per cent. was kept back by the treasurer, forming a fund out of which he first paid his own salary, which was only a dollar a week. The rest of this fund was then available for loans to members who owned it.

If Jack Johnson had a balance of ten dollars with the treasurer, the accumulation of ten per cent. that had been kept back on his monthly payments, he could borrow ninety per cent. of that at any time during the last two weeks of the month—the period that most of the clerks found it so hard to squeeze through. Nobody else could borrow it, however. Lending members nothing but their own funds, the club eliminated chances of loss. Another rule was that members could only borrow for their own use—that gave thrifty ones a reason for refusing to borrow money they didn't want themselves and lending it to unthrifty members whose own loan-margin had been wiped out for the month. On each loan Jack Johnson paid ten per cent. interest, returning it, with the principal, the following pay-day. This interest was credited to Jack individually, thus swelling the fund available for *his* borrowing, and preventing non-borrowing members from earning profits on the borrowers.

At the end of the first year this little financial club had some two dozen members, with average balances of twenty-five dollars each. Loan sharks had virtually abandoned the office. Most of the members carried life insurance, with premiums to meet quarterly. The treasurer suggested that those who wanted to abolish the worry that these payments caused every three months might provide for them by giving him the notices as received, and "loading" their monthly payments to cover premiums. On a thousand-dollar policy this loading amounted to between two and three dollars a month. During the second year some members took out new policies, paying the initial premium from their balances. At the beginning of the third year the club had grown, and more than half the old members had balances exceeding a hundred dollars. The club did not propose to do a banking business, so one hundred dollars was paid back on such accounts, or deposited to the member's credit in a savings-bank. Later, some of the members wanted checking accounts of their own, and the treasurer introduced them to a commercial bank that was willing to accept a deposit of one hundred dollars.

BONDS

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Yielding 3¾ to 5½%

FOR several months past the bond market has been developing in volume of transactions and in prices. The trend continues decidedly upward and we expect to see a marked advance from the present level of prices during the next six months.

If you have funds available for investment, we suggest the advisability of your taking advantage of present prices.

You will be interested in our latest price list of seasoned Municipal, Railroad and Public Utility Bonds which we have carefully investigated and fully recommend.

The list is representative of the best values in the present market and several of the issues are of a character legal for savings banks and trustees under the most carefully drawn statutes.

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66 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Make-Believe

Castles in Spain and a Home for Two

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS

"MR. PHILBRICK," said the head of the firm, a benevolent smile upon his usually grim face, "we have narrowly observed your conduct during the three years that you have been with us; we have noted with gratification your exceptional diligence, your entire devotion to our interests, your uncommon rectitude, your marked ability and energy and your patient acquiescence in the matter of salary. I may say that we have purposely refrained from making that salary larger in order to test you. We have not found, however, that our seeming lack of appreciation has caused you to abate in any degree your zealous and whole-souled devotion to your duties. Therefore——" Mr. Kuester's smile broadened.

"Therefore, it is a pleasure to me to tell you that we have decided to offer you a partnership, with one-fifth of the profits of the concern. We have been needing new blood—young blood in the business for some time, and——"

"Move up a little, won't you?" said a gruff voice at Philbrick's elbow. "You don't need two seats, do you?"

Philbrick started, blushed and moved up to make room for a stout and scowling person who had just entered the street car.

He was a modest young gentleman of twenty-three or so, James Philbrick; of a rather imaginative temperament, though somewhat colorless in appearance. His character was good and his disposition amiable to the point of weakness. There was nothing of the monopolist about him, and the fact that he had actually been occupying two seats was entirely owing to his temporary abstraction from the realities of life.

In a few moments the highly-colored, efflorescent lady upon whom Philbrick's eyes had been fixed faded from the advertising poster; the stout and scowling person, the other occupants of the car, and the car itself passed into oblivion, and the young man was standing in the dimly-lighted hallway of a shabby little house in a decayed street, his arm around the slender waist of a girl with fluffy, yellow hair, who looked at him affectionately, and yet with alarm.

"Father will be so angry, Jimmie," she whispered. "You know what he said the last time, dear."

Philbrick laughed easily, and held her still closer in his tender embrace.

"I don't think that he will be angry after I have seen and spoken to him, sweetheart," he said. "I have good news—wonderful news—news that means happiness for us both. Guess!"

She looked at him, and for the first time noticed that he no longer wore the cheap, ill-fitting and threadbare clothes that had been his best. A suit of soft, dark-brown, nappy material, cut in the height of fashion and relieved by an ornate waistcoat of fawn with pearl buttons, set off his slim figure to the utmost advantage. A necktie of shimmering red silk, fastened by a turquoise and diamond pin, and linen spotless and fine added to this splendor. The girl could only stare, with wide eyes and parted lips. At which he laughed again.

"Guess!" he urged.

"Jimmie, boy," she cried, "tell me! What has happened?"

"They have taken me into the firm—given me a partnership," he answered, in a glow of triumph and delight. "There is no longer any obstacle to our marriage. No more waiting, no more poverty, no more slavery for my heart's treasure! And now I must see your father and tell him of my good fortune. Come! We will go together."

Hand in hand they ascended the staircase and——

"I beg your pardon, sir."

A sudden jolt of the car had thrown the old fellow against Philbrick's knee, and in recovering his balance he had trampled on the young man's toes. Philbrick rose instantly.

"Don't mention it," he said pleasantly. "Won't you take my seat? I'm tired of sitting—really."

The old man thanked him, and sank into the vacated seat with a sigh of relief. Philbrick grasped the strap that he had abandoned and stood looking down at him.

"Susie! What are You Doing Down There? Is That Fellow Philbrick With You?"

The old gentleman's appearance was rather prepossessing. He had a fine, massive head with clean, white hair, and a tuft of white beard depended from an aggressive chin and covered it to the line of a shrewd mouth; his eyes were gray and still bright behind their steel-bowed spectacles, and a multitude of sagacious, good-natured wrinkles radiated from their corners and deepened attractively when he smiled. He wore a black, slouch hat—a hat that had seen service, but was scrupulously brushed, as was his old-fashioned black frock coat. His knotty old hands were crossed on the crook of a knotty old stick, and a worn leather portfolio lay across his knees. From time to time he looked keenly at Philbrick, and when their eyes met, he smiled, and nodded what seemed to be a grateful acknowledgment.

At Fifty-third Street, Philbrick struggled out to the rear platform, and as he waited for the car to stop he saw the old man at his elbow. They got off together, and as they reached the sidewalk the old man hooked his knotty stick on his arm and pulled a notebook from his pocket.

"I'd like to know your name, if you don't mind telling me," he said. "Mine's Benson."

"Philbrick, sir," replied the young man. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Benson."

"And your address, Mr. Philbrick?"

Philbrick told him, and he jotted it down in a rapid, businesslike manner. "Thank you," he said. "I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness. I may call upon you some evening soon, if you don't mind."

Philbrick told him that he would be delighted, and so they shook hands and parted. The young man proceeded to his stuffy, mean little room, with its cheerless outlook upon bare back yards, and the grimy zigzag of flat-building porches and stairs, and there he made his simple toilet for the lukewarm, sloppy dinner that awaited him in the gloomy basement.

As soon as he had finished his meal he put on his hat, and, taking the silver-mounted stick that was to him the outward and visible sign of elegant leisure, set forth, and was presently standing in the dimly-lighted hallway of a shabby little house in a decayed street, and his arm was about the slender waist of a fluffy, yellow-haired girl, who looked up at him affectionately and yet with alarm.

"You ought not to come here, Jimmie, dear," she said.

"Don't you want me to?" he asked.

"You know I do," cried the girl. "You know I do. But suppose Father should come down and find you? I am afraid that it will only make matters worse. We must be patient and wait. That is all we can do."

"I suppose it is," the young man owned. "It's a long, long wait, though. Just suppose——" He checked himself and sighed. "Suppose I got a raise," he resumed, after a pause. "If it was only three or four dollars a week we could manage. I think that your father would look at it in a different light."

As he spoke, something between a snarl and a roar came from upstairs:

"Susie! What are you doing down there? Is that fellow Philbrick with you?"

The lovers started and looked at one another.

"Susie!"

"Yes, Father," called the girl, putting her soft palm over Philbrick's mouth. "I'll be right up. Jim, dear," she whispered, "you must go now. Don't come until I tell you to, but I'll meet you in the park on Sunday afternoon."

She threw her arms quickly around his neck and kissed him, and then softly opened the door and let him out.

It was mighty hard, Philbrick thought, as he began his long walk back. Mighty hard! It was not as if the old man needed her; he had his wife to look after him, and his pension and his little house property gave him an amply-sufficient income to provide for all of his needs. What affair was it of his if his daughter chose a poor man? And, because a man was poor, was he never going to be any better off?

At the boarding-house they put the boarders' letters on the brown, mottled-marble slab of the hat-rack. Philbrick imagined a letter awaiting him there—a letter with the name of a well-known firm of lawyers on its envelope. What could Knollys & Prosser want to write to him about? He tore the envelope open and read:

CHICAGO, May 28th, '08.

Mr. James Philbrick,
5342 Sebastian Street, Chicago.

Dear Sir:

In accordance with the instructions of the late Mr. D. W. Benson, of this city, it is our melancholy pleasure to

Bonds for Investment

FOR more than twenty years we have handled conservative issues of Public Service Corporation Bonds. Our experience has proved that earnings of such corporations are well maintained during times of general business depression because they supply thriving communities with such public necessities as water, gas, electricity, street railways, etc. Regardless of general business conditions the public must use these necessities, and as a consequence the earnings of such companies provide investors with an ample margin of safety. Our booklet on Public Service Corporation Bonds may be had free upon request.

We own a carefully selected list of more than 200 issues of Municipal, Railroad and Public Service Corporation Bonds which we recommend for investment at prices to yield from

3¾% to 5½%

Write for circular offerings and Booklet P

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Bond Department

204 Dearborn Street, Chicago

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Paying 5¾%

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An increase of 12% in net earnings for the first six months of this year in spite of the hard times, emphasizes the strength of this investment. INTEREST ON THE BONDS IS GUARANTEED BY A STRONG OPERATING COMPANY. These bonds are now selling below their real value and will advance in price.

Descriptive circular and map on application to

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Any day in any month you can place small or large sums in our care, and whenever you choose to withdraw the money you receive earnings up to date of withdrawal. How we invest the funds, how they are secured, how we have dealt with patrons for over 18 years, and how they recommend us there is to us can be learned by writing for full information. We operate under the State Banking laws of New York, subject to the Banking Department's supervision. Assets $5,000,000

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Bankers' Financing Co., Atlanta, Georgia

inform you that you are named in the last will and testament of the deceased as residuary legatee of his estate, both real and personal, which will amount, as estimated, to the sum of $4,000,000 after the payment of the minor bequests. Our deceased client states in his will that this, his act and deed, is in recognition of your former kindness to him, by the relinquishment of your seat in a street car to his proper use and benefit, from which he, our said client, deceased, argues an estimable character and one worthy of his benefaction.

We shall esteem ourselves favored if you will call upon us at your earliest convenience, and beg to add that, pending the probate of the will, we are empowered to place funds at your disposal to any desired amount.

Very respectfully yours,
KNOLLYS & PROSSER.

Philbrick left the lawyer's office with a check in four figures folded in his waistcoat pocket, and within a short time the paying teller of the First National Bank was pushing a little package of yellow-backed bills at him through the bronze grating. His signature was already filed away in the bank archives for future reference, and there was a check-book in his pocket. The president of the bank smiled and bowed to him as he left.

"The brown is an elegant piece of goods, sir," said the fat little tailor, rippling the cloth deftly over his nimble fingers. Then he draped it against Philbrick so that it fell from shoulders to feet in the cunning similitude of a suit. "A very fashionable shade, sir, and becoming to a gentleman of your complexion, if you will excuse me, sir."

"I'll have that," said Philbrick, "and the gray tweed. There's not so much hurry about the evening things, but I particularly want the brown by to-morrow night."

"You shall have them without fail, sir," said the tailor, "if I have to keep my staff working all night. Very much obliged to you indeed, sir; very much ——"

Philbrick was at the door of his boarding-house. As he was passing the hat-rack he looked at the marble slab. There were two or three letters there, and he stopped and looked at them; but none was addressed to him. Still he went upstairs with a light step, and, when sleep overtook him an hour or two later, milliners and modistes were thronging the luxurious apartments that he and his wife temporarily occupied in the Michigan Avenue hotel. Susie's blue eyes were sparkling at him, as she poised large plumed hats on her fluffy, yellow head—sparkling like the big diamond on her hand and the diamonds at her bosom.

A raw spring morning may not be considered conducive to flights of fancy, but as Philbrick stood shivering on the front platform of the car, obstructing the motorman's arm as that bulky individual swung the controller around, in spirit he sat, masked and furclad, grasping the steering-wheel of a big, glistening, throbbing automobile. The course of the machine was not directed downtown, however. It scooted and twisted westward along certain back streets, and stopped at last before a little two-story and basement house, whose old, red brick was blotched with white, mildewy patches, and from whose steps and porch the paint had been washed and scorched away by the weather-stress of half a score of years. It was the house that he had left the night before.

There he leaped out and was soon confronting a formidable old man with a thin, gray beard, and eyes that glared on him from under ragged, white brows.

"I never blamed you, Mr. McKinney," said Philbrick. "Perhaps you were justified in your opposition. In any case I know that it was your fatherly solicitude for Susie's welfare that actuated you. I do not believe, myself, that happiness depends on wealth, still I was content to wait until my circumstances improved. Now I am no longer a poor and obscure clerk."

"Do you mean that you have got hold of some money?" asked the old man, a gleam of avarice in his faded eyes.

"I am worth four million dollars," answered Philbrick calmly.

The old man was overcome with emotion. "Jim, my boy," he said, "I never really objected ——"

Philbrick dropped from his air-castle and the car simultaneously. There was a dynamic contagion in the atmosphere here. Force or purpose of some sort in every face, haste in every step. The thump and smash of iron on granite as the rattling wagons went by, the rush and roar of the overhead trains that kept the steel structure of the loop in an unremitting quiver, the impatient clanging of car gongs, the clatter and thud of boxes and bales of merchandise tumbling over skids, swallowed by hungry cellars or disgorged from repleted warehouses, the hoot of the sirens in the river—all these and a hundred other sounds of the great city's traffic shrieked, shouted and brayed their insistence on living, seething, bubbling actuality and activity. And Philbrick became with the rest, brisk, alert and businesslike, girding his loins as he went for the battle of the day that was also to be the battle of the morrow.

"How Poor and Little and Trifling it Would be to—This!"

It was a hard day, for the office was short-handed and there was a rush of business, but Philbrick bore his added burden of other people's work sturdily and efficiently. At noon he stopped barely long enough to swallow a hasty lunch, and then was back at his desk with a half-hour gained in his race with the speed monster of work. At six o'clock there was still a pile of papers before him, which Mr. Kuester noted.

"Philbrick," said Mr. Kuester, "I'd like to have you stay and finish up that batch to-night." Then he added as an inducement: "You can charge your supper to the office if you want to."

"I'll get 'em out, sir," said Philbrick, cheerfully and reassuringly. "It won't take me more than an hour or two."

Philbrick was late getting home. As he was going to his room his landlady stopped him. "There's a gentleman waiting to see you in the parlor, Mr. Philbrick," she said. "He's been here quite a while."

Philbrick's heart leaped to his throat and began exercising its percussive function against his œsophagus. "It's absurd," he told himself. "And yet who knows but it may mean something. Then, again, it may not be Mr. Benson."

It was, though. He sat slightly bent over in one of the stamped plush chairs, his knotty old hands crossed upon the knotty old stick, his white-bearded chin thrust forward expectantly as Philbrick entered the room, and the wrinkles deepening in the corners of his eyes as he smiled. Philbrick greeted him with cordiality.

"I had nothing special on hand, so I thought I'd look you up and make your acquaintance," said Mr. Benson. "I had an idea that our acquaintance might prove to be of mutual benefit."

Philbrick thrilled idiotically. "I'm glad that you did call," he said. "I'm a little late, but I was kept at the office."

The old gentleman raised his hand in a deprecating gesture. "I didn't mind waiting," he said. "Not in the least. I guessed that you would be occupied during the day. You are employed downtown?"

"Kuester & Todd, wholesale starch."

"Exactly," said Mr. Benson. "I don't want to appear inquisitive, but—is your salary as high as you would like it to be?"

"It is not," confessed Philbrick.

"And your education?"

"I've been through the grades and have had a year of high school and two terms in an evening business college," replied Philbrick. "That's all I have been able to get, as yet."

"Good!" said Mr. Benson emphatically. "'As yet' is good. It evinces a thirst for knowledge, a determination to acquire knowledge, a recognition of the advantages of knowledge. Now see here, my young friend, you did me a kindness a short time ago. I am sure that you had no hope or expectation of a reward, and yet I think that I am in a position to be of service to you in return."

"You're—you're very kind," stammered Philbrick.

"I'm glad to be," said Mr. Benson, and laying his stick beside his chair he picked up the black portfolio, took from it an oblong of leather and opened it out to the length of his arms, like an accordion, into the likeness of a row of books.

"An epitome of human knowledge," he said impressively, "a compendium of universal research, a mine of condensed erudition, a treasure house of information upon every conceivable subject—historical, geographical, biographical, astronomical, zoölogical, philosophical, literary, artistic, religious and commercial. The Twentieth Century Pantology and Eclectic Encyclopædia—the intellectual achievement of the ages, in ten volumes."

Philbrick slowly pulled himself together and uttered a deep sigh. "I—er—don't believe I care about any, thank you," he said.

"Don't say that you don't care about it, my young friend," said the old gentleman, almost severely. "Don't say that you are indifferent to the cultivation and improvement of your mind, to the increasing of your efficiency. You doubtless imagine that a work of this inestimable value is enormously expensive, that it would necessitate a large cash outlay. Naturally. The facts are that I am able to put this triumph of genius and enterprise into your possession for—what do you think? A hundred and fifty dollars? A hundred? Seventy-five? Fifty? No, sir. This great work, bound, as you see, durably and handsomely in half morocco leather, may be yours for the small sum of thirty-five dollars. And not only have the publishers reduced the original price to this absurdly low figure, but, also, they require only a cash payment of two dollars and allow the balance to be paid in monthly installments of two dollars. Now what do you think of that?"

"It's very kind of 'em and all that sort of thing," said Philbrick drearily, "but I don't believe I want to take it."

Mr. Benson turned quickly to his portfolio and produced a number of loose

(Concluded on Page 28)

Did You Save Anything in 1908?

To-day most of us would prefer to forget 1908 and think about how much we are going to save in 1909. This year will be no better than last unless some one forces you to save. We can do it, if you will let us. We will put your money in monthly instalments of $10 each into guaranteed first mortgages on New York City real estate. Their safety is guaranteed by our allied company, the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company. We can use larger sums if you have them. The interest is 4½%.

Write or call for our booklet "The Safe Way to Save," which gives further particulars.

This Company has provided for its customers, during the past 30 years, mortgage investments of more than six hundred million dollars. Our own officers and clerks are buying these certificates.

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"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." That is the way our Paris Brand will prove itself the most delicious sweet corn you ever ate. Don't take anybody's word for it—prove it yourself, and you will never again be satisfied with an inferior brand.

We want you to know our many good New England products for the table—you will like them. Write today for our interesting booklet, "Five Foods Ready to Serve." We send it Free.

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$28,000 Net from 160 Acres of Peaches Mr. Charles Haskins made over $28,000 clear profit this year from his Ozark orchard in Howell Co., Mo. Others can do as well. Land in the Ozarks is cheap and can be made to pay handsomely. Write for full information and beautifully illustrated fruit book.

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FAKES FOR THE FARMER

New Names for the Old Games That Try to Beat Nature

By Robert Shackleton

ACROSS the boundless plains of Argentina sheep roam in flocks of uncounted immensity; and nothing, at first thought, seems more unlikely than any connection between those sheep and frauds on the American farmer. Nor is it in the early stages that the connection begins to make itself evident. For the sheep, fulfilling the destiny marked out for them by civilization, are gathered in great masses, and the clippers go among them and snip off their thick coats, and the wool is shipped to Germany. There the wool is cleaned and carded, and the impurities removed. And chief among those impurities is a bur; the bur of a kind of clover which grows where the sheep love to graze.

With the saving propensities of an old nation, the Germans see no reason why those bur seeds should be wasted. They cannot be profitably sold in Germany. No farmer wants to buy them. They have cost nothing—that is to say, they are a by-product which comes directly from the carding. And so they are shipped in great quantity to a country where they find a ready market. They are shipped to the United States.

Nor are they here disposed of as bur clover seed. There is a kind of bur clover grown in our Southern States that is pretty good. Nor is this strangely-imported bur seed altogether worthless. But five or six times as much can be got for it by mixing it with red clover seed or alfalfa as by selling it for what it is; and so it is as alfalfa or clover that it goes out to our American farms, thus rounding out a strange career from the time when it grows on the plains of Argentina. Many an American crop suffers from this fraudulently-mixed seed, for the quantity handled is of large importance.

"Hands across the sea" is an admirable sentiment; but, as George Ade once cleverly remarked, they would "never reach across except to swat us one"; and a few things along this line are enough to bear out such an idea. For example, here comes Canada—not across the sea, indeed, but across the border, which is the same in principle—and she fakes our farmers with a most deceptive imitation of Kentucky blue-grass. Many a farmer has forsworn, with hard language, the delightful grass of Kentucky because he has been deceived by the Canadian product mingled with it and thus masquerading under its name

Foreign Tares in American Fields

Without a magnifying-glass it is practically impossible to distinguish between Canadian grass and Kentucky. But when it comes up in the fields no magnifying-glass is necessary. The distinction is then painfully obvious Hundreds of thousands of pounds of Canadian seed are imported every year, and practically every pound is sold as Kentucky grass, for thus more than double its legitimate price is obtained. So bold and greedy are some of the dealers that they put in Canadian grass for more than half the bulk. A one-thousand-pound lot, sold recently as Kentucky, was examined by experts and found to contain only two pounds of Kentucky and nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds of Canadian.

Canada, by the way, has severe laws against the selling of wrongful seeds; but there is no law against shipping seed that is to be used over the border for adulteration; and in the matter of such things as screenings and uncleaned seeds, specific permission is given for exportation

And this is remindful of a method of defrauding the American farmer on a huge scale. Over in Europe they accumulate, at one place or another, a lot of small-sized and low-grade screenings which, under the admirable European laws, are unsalable there. They look around for an easy-mark. Again it is Uncle Sam! Whereupon there are annually unloaded at American ports nearly a million pounds of weedy and almost worthless stuff, which is disposed of in large lots to the American farmer, and in smaller lots to the suburbanite; and from all this tremendous quantity of bad seed only the poorest results can be expected. Most of those million pounds annually are mixed with clover seed and sold as such. Small wonder that there are many failures in clover crops. The wonder almost begins to be that any crops at all are successful.

There is something that is known as yellow trefoil. You never love it for itself alone. Nor, indeed, is it often sold for itself alone. Something like one hundred thousand pounds are handled annually in this country from importations alone, and practically all of this importation is sold as clover and alfalfa adulterant. And there is a particularly vicious feature about this. Yellow trefoil seed not only looks much like the seeds it adulterates, but it looks even better than they; it has a sort of bright, clean, honest aspect which makes the purchaser think he is getting a much better quality than usual, which, of course, is what the unscrupulous seedsman wants. "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!" exclaimed old Falstaff.

I know a New York farmer who ordered alfalfa seed and planted five acres with it. He had never seen alfalfa, and when his crop matured he did not know that it was nearly all yellow trefoil. He cut the crop, was bitterly disappointed, and he and his neighbors had only evil words and thoughts for alfalfa. Even yet, trefoil is an unconquerable pest in his fields—and he calls it alfalfa!

Every farmer ought to have a magnifying-glass. With an ordinary tripod lens, such as can be bought for half a dollar or less, he can distinguish between different seeds, and see whether he is receiving what he paid for or something very different. But, of course, with the use of a magnifying-glass there must also be a knowledge of the different seeds. If seedsmen knew that their customers were sure to detect adulterations, adulterations would cease.

High finance has struck the sphere of the farm. Men who "buy cheap and sell dear" weave their financial webs around the farmer. On the mere strength of assurance and a "forehead of brass," to use the old-time expression, a man went, last year, through much of our Southern country selling cotton seed. It was the most marvelous cotton seed that had ever come into being. He was really conferring a favor by letting people buy it at the rate of twenty-five dollars a pound. Yet it was afterward learned that each pound of his supply cost him only five cents.

A concern has been extensively selling, for two dollars a pound, mushroom spawn, the material of which was worth but six cents.

But that concern must hide its diminished head before the rival which, until the use of the mails was recently forbidden it by the Government, succeeded in selling great quantities of what it called mushroom spawn, but which was absolutely nothing but common garden mold mixed with cow-yard manure.

The farmer nowadays lives a Balaklava-like existence with fakings to right of him, fakings to left of him, in front of him, all about him; and the kind which consists of selling a thing which is really worth something, but which the plausible salesman sets forth as being worth many times its value, is exceedingly difficult to meet, for it is hard to prove actual fraud.

Two years ago a man set out to sell what he called "Russian holly" for hedges. He sold many carloads of it at high prices. But it turned out to be only Osage orange—a real hedge plant, but neither costly, new nor popular.

Sometimes great injury is done to the dealers in a legitimate plant or seed, to which they have given a catchy name, by the unauthorized use of the name in connection with a fraudulent scheme.

Sandhill Cherries in Masquerade

Nowadays "Japanese" is used to describe many a fine growth, and most of the things are really Japanese; so it was not surprising to find a man working New York City and vicinity with what he termed dwarf Japanese cherry trees. His circulars, prepared with diverting detail, told of the virtues of cherry brandy and cherry pectoral as well as cherries fresh or canned. They told of the ease of spraying any dwarf tree for insects. Nay more, they told of the safety of dwarf trees for children. No child could climb into such a dwarf tree as this, and, therefore, parents need fear no broken childish legs nor necks! Each tree, set attractively in a little red tub, was but a foot high, and its head was the size of a bushel basket. Many a city man paid five dollars a tree for a half-dozen or so, and many a countryman also invested.

One day a man who had spent most of his life in Michigan was approached. He looked at the trees long and carefully. "How do these trees differ from the sandhill cherries of Lake Michigan?" he asked.

And that was what they were. The sandhill cherry being a valuable sand-binder, growing almost level along the sandy shores and rooting along the prostrate trunk, the dealer had merely learned that by growing the trees in a strong soil they would grow upright and symmetrical.

There is a kind of cucumber, known for a long time past, which grows gourd-shape and two or three feet long. This is periodically offered as a new discovery.

One of the commonest fakes, indeed, is the exploitation of an old vegetable or fruit under a new name. As an exhibitor at the St. Louis Exposition naïvely expressed it when confronted with the proof of his faking: "But if I exhibit under familiar names people will know they can get these things anywhere! I *must* use new names."

There is a seedless and coreless apple, a freak which, when sold on its merits, is no fake, but when exploited with long rigmarole as the "first" seedless apple, the result of a lifetime of study and experiment, so wonderful and delicious as to be a boon to humanity, and offered for sale only that humanity may the sooner receive its boon, seems to invite looking into.

The seedless apple was discovered long ago; but the fact that it could not win

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popularity has made it possible to keep setting it forth as something new. It is an interesting freak. The petals are absent, being represented by fleshy bracts looking like unopened buds, and there is an absence of stamens representing the male element. Apple trees are perpetuated by budding and grafting, so the absence of seeds is no defect.

So far as known the first seedless apple was described a half century ago in a letter to Horace Greeley, published in his newspaper. Grafts from that tree, in Virginia, have been traced to Wisconsin, thence to Kansas, thence to Colorado and the Pacific.

Seeds in "Seedless" Apples

One of the recent exploiters of the seedless variety thought to enlarge his market by taking in Europe, American apples being highly regarded there, and with much expensive preliminary exploitation he arranged for a public cutting of an apple in a foreign capital. The apple was opened —but, alas! it was really too bad, but the unfortunate apple had both core and seeds. Probably any other apple on the tree would have answered the promoter's purpose, but once in a while a seeded apple will grow on the same branch with the seedless.

The scarlet-fruited eggplant is an old growth, which curiously resembles in appearance both the eggplant and the tomato, but without the best qualities of either. From time to time this freak recurrently enjoys new publicity, now under one name and now under another. A combined eggplant and tomato! But why anybody wishes to combine the two is as much a mystery to ordinary folk as why anybody wanted to swing a cat by the tail was to Mr. Dick.

The Swiss chard-beet comes into prominence about once in ten years; in fact, scientists may get into the way of predicting the precise time for the return of a good many of these things just as they do of the return of comets. This chard-beet is each time extensively sold, but is soon generally forgotten. It is worth something, of course, but I should consider it dear at the five dollars a pound rate at which, in small packages, it is not infrequently sold, even though you are assured that the root is as fine as any beet and the top as succulent as any asparagus.

No single thing is so widely used to seduce the farmer's dollars from his pocket as the "actual photograph" of plants, showing them to be as monstrous in size as the grapes from the Promised Land.

Any doubter of stupendous growths is silenced by the indignant: "Sir! You see that is a real photograph!" Many photographs, of course, are honest; but the dishonest are easily obtained by having a wash-drawing made, showing the desired exaggeration, and then photographing that drawing. And this shows, again, how important is common-sense on the part of the buyer; it is more important than Government protection.

Stock food does not escape the sharper, and a common method is to sell for twenty times its value a food that is worth but a small price. The farmer could often save money by buying stock-food ingredients and doing his own mixing. He should mix his stock food with his head.

A clever way of making a showing with stock foods is to direct that they be given with certain quantities of bran and oats.

Chaff and screenings naturally go into stock food; sawdust is not unknown, and a large percentage of bran or middlings is not uncommonly the hulls of rice, peanuts, oats and cottonseed, ground fine for mixing. Nor am I speaking of little swindles, for rice-hulls alone are sent to certain mills by the carload to be ground and mixed. If sold as rice-hulls it would be another matter.

Corn, which has partly fermented, is more or less unfit for food, and so a favorite trick is to dry it and dye it yellow, that color being chosen because of the popularity of very yellow corn through the notion (apparently a baseless one) that the yellower the corn the more nutritious it is.

Cracked corn, intended for poultry food, not infrequently begins to ferment, especially if it chances to have been wet, and then the corn will go on, unless checked, to blackness and loss. But many a dealer does not look with equanimity upon the imminent loss, and therefore dyes the corn and sells it as first grade.

Nor is it only in such ways that poultry suffer. There is a cockle, which grows commonly in wheat fields and is poisonous for chickens. Its seed is three-cornered, black, and two-thirds the size of a wheat seed. Chickens will not touch it when mixed with wheat grains or with screenings; but when it is ground with screenings and sold as legitimate food, and goes to the chickens in a mash, they have no instinct which can tell them of its danger. A whole poultry yard has been known to die from this cause, and many a supposedly malicious poisoning, by some enemy or neighbor, was probably caused by the sale of the poison cockle.

The field of insecticides is a fruitful one for the dishonest. A man in trouble is an easy victim. There are some insect powders which actually contain from fifty to ninety per cent. of ordinary road dust. There are insect powders composed on the simple formula of a little snuff, a little naphthaline and a great deal of land plaster. One powder, composed of ground red hematite, with a small percentage of copper sulphate to mask it, commands a price of some half dollar or more a pound, and costs but five cents a pound. Many Paris greens are injurious through the presence of too much free arsenic, the result of cheap and slovenly manufacture.

The Lure of Mummy Wheat

"Mummy wheat" is one of the most curious and persistent of fakes. It is a kind of large, coarse, poor wheat which, appearing in the American market a half century or so ago, was said to have been grown from wheat thousands of years old, found in one of the ancient tombs of Egypt—a sort of largesse from the fertile fields of the Pharaohs of old to the man of to-day with impoverished land. As a matter of fact, there is no proof that any wheat legitimately found in an Egyptian tomb ever germinated. But the story is so good, so appealing, that it persists in coming to the front at frequent intervals, and the wheat is perennially put upon the market.

The story, printed with embellishments in every English and American newspaper, got to Egypt. There it sifted down to the Arabs and dervishes, whereupon they got very busy, seeing at once a more profitable industry than selling antique scarabs made in Birmingham. When they sallied forth to seek their daily spoil of tourists each dirty sash held grains of wheat, and it was a stupid Arab guide who could not manage a fortuitous find; it was a stupid dervish who would not cease from howling long enough to sell three grains. Whereby that kind of "mummy wheat" has become the most expensive wheat in the world.

A method with some companies (no doubt with some a legitimate method) is, not to sell a particular grain or seed but to permit farmers, here and there, to receive some of it to grow, with penalties for selling any of it or giving any of it away. Often there is a clause under which the owner retains the right to buy back the crop at a certain price. It is easy to understand how much the value of seed is raised in the farmer's estimation by such solemn procedure; only it well behooves him to see to it that he is dealing with a reputable company with legitimate claims, and not with such as use that method to get rid of poor seed at large prices.

A cruel feature with fakes is that so great a proportion of them are worked on men with unproductive farms or those who have had disasters—men, that is, who are desperately eager to make some money.

There is no fixed law as to how long seeds retain their germinating quality. It depends on the seeds and the conditions under which they are kept.

There were purchased, last year, for examination by Government experts, twenty-seven hundred and seventy-eight packages of vegetable seed, including twenty-six varieties, put up by seedsmen of many different States. The average germination was sixty-two and two-tenths per cent., but great variety was found as to seed houses. With some the average was high, with others little more than one-third of their seed was good. Many seeds were absolutely dead. The packages of one house bore private marks; with one kind of mark the seed was good, but with another bad, showing that the seedsman knew the condition of affairs.

Frauds in Seeds and Flowers

An Illinois farmer bought, last year, two thousand pounds of onion seed as new seed, but found labels carelessly left in the packages showing that it was four and five years old. And the dealer was glad to refund the money and take the seed back, in spite of his association agreement, for this was a case of easily-proven fraud.

But, like most problems, this of using new or old seeds is not an entirely simple one. There is many an old English gardener who carries his melon and cucumber seed about with him in his pockets for a year or so, having learned that, under English conditions, they will grow more to fruit and less to vine from not being planted too soon.

One method, followed by some dealers, of obtaining large quantities of seed at slight cost, is to sow very thick and close, to economize labor and space.

Picturesqueness is apt to mark the frauds in flowers. The parsnip seed, made to absorb various odors and disposed of as special rose seed; the okra seed, sold as the seed of a "marvelous flower of the plains"; the tuberoses, made to absorb red or blue ink, and used as bait to sell, at great prices, bulbs of the "wonderful new colored tuberoses," assuredly have certain picturesque qualities as swindles; and, as misery loves company, the farmer will be glad to know that the city man and the suburbanite are easy to deceive with them.

Long and vigorous-looking dahlia roots that have been so subdivided as to be without any of the bud or growing part are commonly disposed of, and many a man wonders vainly "why those splendid dahlias don't come up."

On street corners you may see swarthy sons of sunny Italy smiling ingratiatingly and offering rare orchid seeds from their native land. They will tell you, in their broken English, how splendidly those orchids grow in the ancient gardens of their land; and this enthusiasm, and the looks of the big seeds themselves, of curiously variegated color as they are, tempt the money from many a pocket.

But you will probably remember that real orchid seeds are not large, but of infinitesimal size, and then it will be interesting to know that these orchid seeds are castor-oil beans, of a specially fine-looking kind that came originally from Madagascar.

The moral to all this is, don't buy seeds or roots from strangers or, in fact, from any but seedsmen that you know are reliable.

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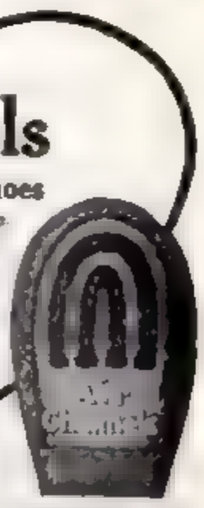

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APPLES

Giving a Helping Hand to the Crop That Earns its Millions

AT SPOKANE, Washington, was recently held a show, the exhibits of which consisted wholly of apples. The exhibitors represented practically every State in the United States and its dependencies, as well as England and her colonies, Germany, France, Norway and Japan, and premiums representing thirty-five thousand dollars were awarded to the growers of the best commercial apples in the various competitions. The primary purpose of this exposition, the first of its kind in the world, was to show the value of the apple as a wholesome food, to demonstrate its manifold uses and the uses of its by-products, and to stimulate an industry which already brings in annually millions of dollars to growers. Eighty thousand square feet of floor space was required to display the exhibits, and two hundred and fifty-one varieties of apples were listed as eligibles to compete for prizes.

Apple Trees in Fruit in Eastern Washington

So widespread and popular was the movement represented by this apple show that "Apple Week in America," as it is officially designated, was celebrated by fruit dealers all over the country by special exhibits of different varieties of apples in windows and stands.

The National Apple Show idea was projected by the Spokane County Horticultural Society, and was heartily supported by the business men of Spokane. Their motto was: "Cleaner and better fruit and more of it." To accomplish this, however, as the most intelligent supporters and students of the apple industry perceive, it will be necessary to bring about radical changes in the manner of cultivating apples on this continent. There must be general betterment of conditions in the commercial orchards. If this is not done the United States and Canada, within a few years, will probably be forced to import apples instead of exporting them.

In support of the belief that the domestic supply is insufficient is the fact that, if it had not been for the enormous crops in the Pacific and Northwestern States and Provinces last year, an apple famine would have resulted. In many of the Middle-Western and Eastern States the yields were small last season, due to the failures in numerous instances, but generally because of pests. Orchards had been neglected and, in scores of places, the trees have been permitted to die through lack of even ordinary attention, while, again, in others the growers did not know how to combat insects and diseases. It was to improve these conditions, by making investigations and suggesting remedies to bring about more satisfactory results, that the growers were invited to come to Spokane.

In 1896, the total product of the apple crop of the country was 69,070,000 barrels, or 172,675,000 bushels. Since then hundreds of thousands of acres have been added, and methods of fruit-growing have improved, yet the Government reports show that the aggregate crop in all the States in the Union was not more than 25,000,000 barrels, or 62,500,000 bushels, in 1908.

To understand the decreases in the production of apples in the Union in the last twelve years reference should be made to the statistics compiled by the Federal Department of Agriculture. Growers produced 60,540,000 barrels of apples in 1895, and 69,070,000 barrels in 1896, the banner year in the history of the country. There was a decrease of nearly 28,000,000 barrels, or more than the entire crop of 1908, in 1897, when the yield amounted to 41,536,000. Another decrease followed in 1898, the yield being placed at 23,570,000 barrels, but in 1899 and 1900 there were substantial increases, the yields being 37,560,000 and 47,960,000 barrels respectively. There was a drop of 20,890,000 barrels in 1901, while 1902 showed an increase of 20,655,000 barrels, the crop that year being estimated at 47,625,000 barrels. Forty-five million barrels of fruit were produced in 1903, and in 1904 the yield was 300,000 barrels greater. Then, in 1905, it dropped to 23,500,000 barrels, and in 1906 it increased to 36,130,000 barrels. The crop of 1907 fell off to 25,000,000 barrels.

The apple-growing industry is a substantial one; in fact, few enterprises offer surer or more attractive profits or more healthful and pleasant occupation. A small investment will secure a beginning, and trustworthy literature can be had readily from the Department of Agriculture and the numerous horticultural and farm journals. There never will be an overproduction of first-class stock. It is, in fact, impossible at the present time to produce the enormous quantity of good apples requisite to meet the demand. This is evidenced by the fact that England, Germany, France, Denmark, Australia and the Orient are already drawing upon the orchards in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and British Columbia. When this export trade is firmly established, as it will be in a few years, the demands upon the growers will be largely increased. This means more new orchards, and better care of the older ones.

That apple-growing in the Northwest has passed the experimental stage and is already a factor may be gathered from official statements. More than 16,000,000 growing trees were reported by horticultural inspectors in Washington, Oregon and Idaho at the close of the season of 1908, and of these 6,744,161 bore fruit that year. The total crop reached an estimated value of from $19,000,000 to $20,000,000. Washington, with 2,935,824 producing trees, was seventeenth in the list in number of trees and second in productiveness. Oregon had 2,825,988 bearing trees, and Idaho reported 982,349 trees in fruit. When the other trees now growing come into bearing in 1912, it is estimated the yield will be about 64,000,000 bushels, or 1,500,000 bushels more than the total crop of the United States in 1908, equal also to the wheat yield of the three States that year. Washington had 5,332,097 apple trees at the beginning of the season, during which 2,500,000 were set out, with more than 3,000,000 contracted for to be planted in 1909. Oregon had 5,500,000 and set out 2,000,000 more, while Idaho reported 2,500,000.

The apple is the national fruit of America. This can hardly be questioned in face of the fact that in hotels, restaurants, resorts, trains, steamers and homes the fruit is served throughout the year. But while there are apples everywhere, apparently, the supply is not sufficient to go around, and, as a result, there must be many places where an apple is regarded as more of a luxury than it should be.

Ambitious apple-growers in the Northwest and elsewhere saw more attractions in the National Apple Show than the premiums offered by the management. They believe it will prove its greatest success from an educational viewpoint.

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Sense and Nonsense

Our Plumber

His Merry Little Ways and Skillful Little Jobs

By Charles Battell Loomis

DO YOU like plumbers? No? Well, I wonder if you have seen as much of them as I have? You know the more you see of a person the better you like him, and I have just moved into a new house where the gas-fitting was defective.

Mrs. Courtlay and I and the children moved across the way from our old house to the new house, one that had never been lived in, and we found that the gas company would not let us be overcharged by their concern until a plumber had made leaks impossible, and so the plumber began to call, and we grew to like him very well indeed before everything was ship-shape—or should I say house-shape?

Plumbers must be born with their hats on, for they are never known to remove them. It is not rude on the part of a plumber to come into the room where you and your wife and the children are sitting and stand there with his hat on while he tells you that he need not have made a hole in the ceiling in the front parlor, because the leak in the gas-pipe turns out not to be on the parlor floor at all. His hat is part of a plumber. That's all there is to it.

Our plumber used to test the pipes with ether and we grew to like it after a while, although at first it made Mrs. Courtlay sick, and put my daughter under its influence. My son John said it was a pity there was no doctor present to perform an operation, it was such a capital opportunity.

We liked the ether test better than the water test, because the ether was only apparent to the sense of smell, while the water test not only discolored the delicate pink kalsomine in the library, but also had a habit of dropping from the pipes where they had taken the chandeliers off, and it wet so many different and expensive books first and last. And once in the evening it began to leak just after we had lighted the temporary kerosene lamp, and a drop of water cracked the chimney, put out the light and sent my daughter into hysterics.

But, of course, we knew all these things had to be, and our plumber was so cheery through it all.

We have a rather late breakfast, and I think it annoyed him to have us at table when he wanted to hunt for a leak in the dining-room, but he never showed his annoyance in the least. He would come into the room and lay the blame for the leak on his predecessor in the plumbing business who started the job on the row of houses in which our house stands. And sometimes his helper would stand on the other side of the room with his hands in his pockets and whistle prettily through his teeth. I wonder why it is that plumbers always whistle through their teeth?

The assistant never did anything at all. I understand that by the rules of the union an assistant can do nothing but watch the plumber and keep his hands warm until he has served for a year. The assistant used to get on Mrs. Courtlay's nerves once in a while because he stood so close to her, and she is of French extraction, and is not fond of whistling. In France it is unpardonably rude to whistle.

I used to love to watch the plumber excavate the floor in his hunt for a leak. He did not go at it as a carpenter would have done. I dare say that the rules of the union forbid him from doing anything that in the least degree could be construed as carpenterish.

A carpenter would have taken a nail-puller and would have removed the boards of the floor in such a manner that they could be put back again as good as new. But could a carpenter do a neat and lingering plumbing job? Again the rules of the union would forbid it even if he had the knack.

But the plumber attacked the floor as if he were outdoors and were loosening earth with a pick—only he used an axe. He fairly demolished the woodwork, his assistant whistling merrily the while, his hands growing warmer and warmer as they stayed in his pockets. It was exciting, and as I do not own the house it did not make me think of my pocketbook.

When the carpenter came to repair the job—that was after the plumber had been unable to find the leak on that floor and had decided that he need not have torn the floor up—the carpenter used language that was not at all suitable to as pretty a house as ours is, and I was glad that Mrs. Courtlay had gone to market.

I remember that after the plumber had finished devastating and putting us under the influence of ether, and the gas man from the gas company came to give us gas—this was, as I say, after the ether—the latter gentleman tested the pipes and found that there was a big leak somewhere, and he said he wouldn't dare connect the meter. It would be as much as his job was worth and might result in our united demise. As I did not care for any united demising I told the owner of the house how things stood and he sent us our plumber again.

And do you know, the plumber was not the least put out at learning that the gas man had refused to O. K. his work, as it were. He went up into Mrs. Courtlay's bedroom, where she sat sewing, and with a cheery good-morning, and setting of his hat more firmly on his head, he began to chisel the pretty wall-paper in an earnest endeavor to find a leak.

Mrs. Courtlay found the leak eventually, or we might still be burning kerosene. She heard air "sissing" in the parlor chandelier during one of his tests and she called his attention to it, and he told her that he was somewhat hard of hearing or he would have heard it before. Poor fellow! We felt like clubbing together—clubbing together, I mean, to get him an ear trumpet.

"Signed Stuff"

Come hither, gentle audience, and be ye not afraid;
Consider the Press-Agent, OH, so beautifully arrayed.
HE toils and spins, HE toils to spin so many yarns that HE
Is forced to eke imagination out with memory.
And that is why who reads must run to find "Don't be a clam!"
The last impromptu joke got off by

William Travers Jerome.

And HE is why a hoary and bewhiskered anecdote,
That Liston launched and Dixey stole (HE quite forgets to quote),
Appears as one that "killed" the Lambs and filled the Friars with Joy
When sprung at dinner Friday night by funny

Eddie Foy.

And HE is why the Sunday sheet is crammed for pages through
With (manifolded) deeds of bravery our actors do,
And essays proving that Macbeth did not believe in hell
Writ by the wight ten days ahead of

Robert B. Mantell

Flows from HIS facile fountain pen, advice and counsel sage,
Bewarning all (save HIS own troupe) to quite forego the stage.
Society to artists now yields not the open door,
Except, of course, to Uncle John and

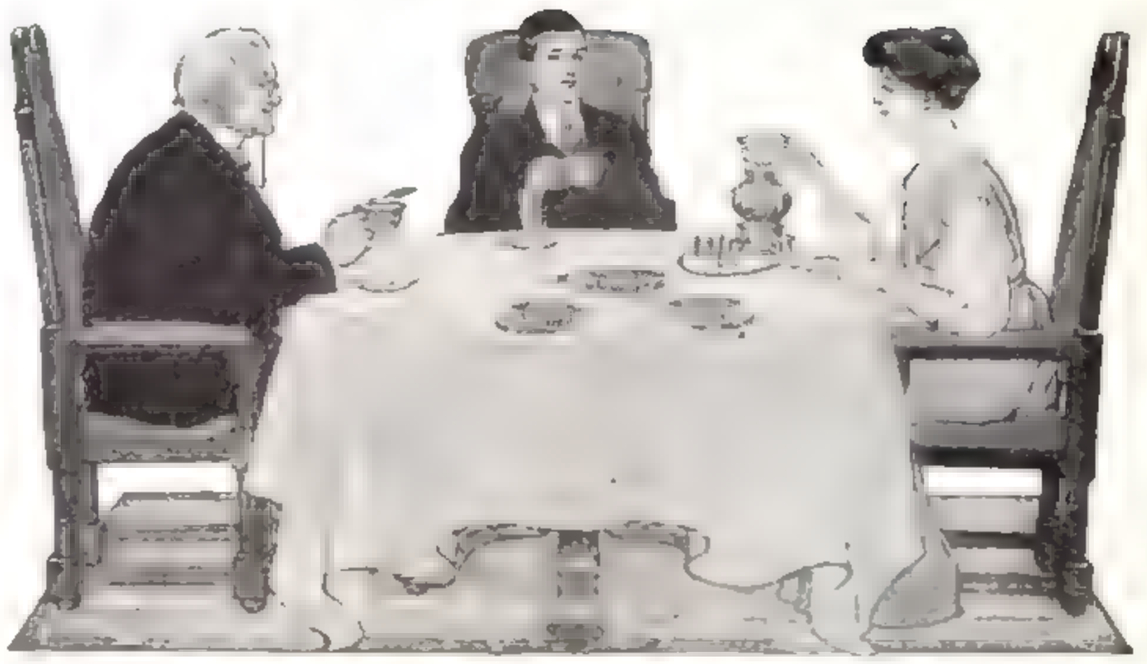
Ethel Barrymore.

"Envoi" (10 Days Ahead)

Ah, quaint and loyal squire with the brain behind the pen,
Intent has earned the gratitude of thinking actor men.
Mistakes I will forgive you tho' you praise or tho' you guy,
If you'll let the late Joe Miller cease from troubling by

Lackaye.

P. S. The necessity of the rhyme does not at all settle the pronunciation of the author's name.



The Coffee-Witch

By John E. Kennedy

THEY said she was "a Coffee-Witch!" Never before had they drank such *irresistible* Coffee.

When the Colonel tasted *Mary's* Coffee a glowing smile of rich content spread over his ruby face like a sunset.

The Colonel liked "*his'n*" black and strong, with plenty of snap, vim, and fume.

When dainty Mrs. Morris dined with them *she* begged to be told the secret of such delicious Coffee.

Mrs. Morris liked a smooth, mellow, fine and rather mild coffee.

(A cup of the Colonel's choice would have *strangled* her.)

Yet Mary's Coffee *suited even these two extremes* more perfectly than they had ever been suited before.

That's where the *witchery* came in.

* *

She had seen an advertisement about the "Find-Out Package" of *Baker-ized* Coffee.

She paid 30 cents for one of them. And she found in it *four* round boxes

One of these contained Coffee *Chaff*. This tasted weedy and *nauseating*.

(It was intended only to show what the Baker-ized process *takes out of* Coffee to improve its flavor.)

Another box was labelled "Vigoro" Baker-ized Coffee—a robust, fuming, aromatic, *stimulating*, Coffee—full of uplift, spicy odor, and generous flavor."

"This will suit the Colonel's palate even better than a Julep", she said.

The third box was labelled "Barrington Hall" Baker-ized Coffee (she had heard of that before)—"deliciously smooth and fragrant, mellow, fine and *satisfying*, with a delightful lingering after-taste.

"If I read George's palate aright, *that* is just the Coffee for him" she mused.

The fourth box was labelled "Siesta" Baker-ized Coffee—"of mild and dainty flavor, full of subtle delicacy and bouquet."

"Pale in color with a delicious winy effect which delights the palate rather than *stimulates* the nervous system."

"Now *that's* the very incarnation of Mrs. Morris' ideal in Coffee," she thought.

She next read the little book entitled "How to make the Coffee Test."

Then she brewed some of each *character* of Coffee in separate pots, but at the same time.

And,—she found the three flavors to be as widely different from each other as are the three primary colors in the rainbow.

This gave her an idea.

Why not produce *any flavor of Coffee she chose* by a proper blending of these *three primary flavors* of Baker-ized Coffee?

Why not *match* the *individual preferences* of her friends with a Coffee flavor which would be a revelation to them?

Great! She would *do* it.

So, she experimented with the fluid contents of the three pots.

She poured different proportions of each flavor into one cup until she had arrived, by tasting, at a pretty close realization of the *ideal* Coffees for six different friends.

(She could, of course, have used the same proportions of the dry Coffee, out of each tin, and achieved a similar result.)

Next she bought a one-pound sealed tin each of "Vigoro", of "Barrington Hall", and of "Siesta" Baker-ized Coffee, *from her Grocer*.

And, henceforth, she became "the Coffee-Witch" of her circle.

* *

Simple enough when you know how to get these three distinct types of Coffee, the *same identical flavors* year in and year out.

There is only *one* way to do this.

Buy "*Baker-ized* Coffee" in which the flavors are *built up* to fixed and changeless standards.

(They are sold by grocers at 35 to 40 cents per pound, according to locality. If your grocer can't supply you let us tell you how you can get it.)

Send 30 cents today for a "Find-Out Package", delivery prepaid.

It will contain over ½ pound each (in separate cans) of the three Baker-ized Coffees. Strong, Medium and Mild. Nearly a pound of such supremely good Coffee, that it will be a revelation to you.

You can then be "A Coffee-Witch".

And, that's a *distinction* worth acquiring.

Address,—Baker Importing Co., Dept. F, 116 Hudson St., New York,—or Dept. F., 246 Second St., Minneapolis.

Send 30 cents for this today

MR. BALDWIN'S POLITICAL EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 7)

just a passing fancy. Independence is better and more profitable; I appreciate your kind offer, I do appreciate it, Hickey, but I'm a Mugwump; I couldn't wear a dog-collar, I couldn't!"

"Sit down again, Crazy," said Hickey persuasively; "sit down. It's a pleasure to talk with you. You're right; your independent and intelligent nature would be thrown away in a matter of books and figures. We've been looking round for a fearless, popular and eloquent figure to stand for the Cleve, and, Crazy, we're just aching to have you step up into the frame."

"Hickey, you mistake me, you mistake me and my motives," said Crazy sadly. "My soul does not hanker for personal glorification or the flattery of the multitude. I'm a child of Nature, Hickey, and my ambitions are few and simple."

"It's right to have ambitions, Crazy," said Hickey soothingly, "and they don't need to be few or simple. We regret that we cannot honor your eminent qualities as we wish to, but we still have hopes, Crazy, that we may have the benefit of your guiding hand."

"Guiding hand?" said Crazy.

"Exactly," said Hickey magnanimously; "in fact I realize how unworthy I am to fill the great position of trust and responsibility of vice-chairman of this committee, and I long to see it in the hands ——"

"I thought you said guiding hand," said Crazy, interrupting.

The assembled committee looked in amazement at Crazy. Then the storm broke out.

"Why, you insolent, impudent pup!"

"Think we'll make you chairman?"

"Kick him out!"

"Rough-house!"

"Order!" cried Cheyenne. "Crazy, out with it. Want to be chairman, don't you?"

"Have I made any demands?" said Crazy coolly.

"Come now—yes or no!"

"Are you handing it to me?"

A fresh storm of indignation was interrupted by the sudden tumultuous reappearance of Wash Simmons, shouting:

"Fellows, Butsey White and the Green have sold out to the Mugwumps!"

Crazy Opdyke sat down again.

A long silence succeeded. Then Cheyenne Baxter, mutely interrogating every glance, rose and said:

"Crazy, you win. The chairmanship is yours. Will you take it on a silver platter or with a bouquet of roses?"

VI

THAT evening, when Hickey went to report to Ernest Garrison Baldwin, he found that civic reformer in a somewhat perturbed condition.

"I'm afraid, Hicks," he said dubiously, "that the campaign is getting a wrong emphasis. It seems to me that those Federalist banners are not only in questionable taste but show a frivolous attitude toward this great opportunity."

"It's just the humor of the campaign, sir," said Hickey reassuringly; "I wouldn't take them seriously."

"Another thing, Hicks; I'm rather surprised that the management of the campaign does not seem to be in the hands of the very representative committee you originally selected."

"Yes, sir," said Hickey; "we realize that; but we're making a change in our party at least which will please you. Opdyke is going to take control."

"Indeed! That is reassuring; that is a guarantee on your side, at least, of a dignified, honorable canvass."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Hickey.

He left gravely and scampered across the campus. Suddenly from the Woodhull Toots Cortell's trumpet squeaked out. At the same moment the first Anti-Fed banner was flung out, thus conceived:

TURN THE ROBBERS OUT

No More Grafting
No More Gouging the Under Formers
Faculty Supervision Means Saving to the Pocket

OUT WITH THE BLACKMAILERS

VII

THE astute and professional hand of the Honorable Crazy Opdyke was felt at once. The Anti-Fed party, while still advocating Faculty control of the athletic finances for purposes of efficiency and economy, now shifted the ground by a series of brilliant strokes.

The third day of the campaign had hardly opened when the four fusion houses displayed prominently the following proclamation:

ECONOMY AND JIGGERS
FACULTY MANAGEMENT OF THE FINANCES
MEANS RIGID ECONOMY
PROTECTION OF THE WEAK
FROM THE TYRANNY OF THE TAX GATHERER
EQUITABLE PRO-RATA
LEVYING OF CONTRIBUTIONS
ECONOMY MEANS MORE JIGGERS
MORE JIGGERS MEANS
MORE HAPPINESS FOR THE GREATER NUMBER
VOTE FOR THE FATTER POCKETBOOK

Hardly had their argument to the universal appetite been posted before the Feds retorted by posting a proclamation:

FACULTY PLOT

EVIDENCE IS PILING UP THAT THE PRESENT POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IS A HUGE FACULTY CONSPIRACY TO DEPRIVE THE SCHOOL OF ITS LIBERTIES BY UNDERGROUND DARK-LANTERN METHODS, WHERE IT DOES NOT DARE TO ATTEMPT IT OPENLY
THE APRON-STRINGS ARE IN POSSESSION OF A GIGANTIC CORRUPTION FUND
WHO IS PUTTING UP?

When this attack became public the Anti-Feds were in deep deliberation, planning a descent on the Hamill House. The news of the outrageous charge was borne to the conference by Hungry Smeed, with tears in his eyes.

"Crazy," said Doc, "we must meet the charge, now, at once."

There was a chorus of assent.

"We will," said Crazy, diving into his pocket and producing a wad of paper. "This is what I've had up my sleeve from the beginning. This is the greatest state paper ever conceived."

"Let's have it," said Hickey, and Crazy proudly read:

THE FULL PROGRAM

The Campaign of Slander and Vilification Instituted by Tough McCarthy and His Myrmidons Will Not Deceive the Intelligent and Independent Voter. Anti-Federalist Candidates Only are the Defendants of the Liberties of the School.

Anti-Fed Candidates Stand Solemnly Pledged to Work for Increased Privileges.

Access to the Jigger Shop at All Times.

Removing the Limit on Weekly Allowances.

ABOLITION OF THE HATEFUL COMPULSORY BATH SYSTEM
BETTER FOOD MORE FOOD
REGULATION OF SINKERS AND SCRAGBIRDS
ESTABLISHMENT OF TWO SLEIGHING HOLIDAYS
CUSHIONED SEATS FOR CHAPEL

When this momentous declaration of principles was read there was an appalled silence, while Crazy, in the centre of the admiring circle, grew perceptibly.

Then a shriek burst out and Crazy was smothered in the arms of the regenerated Anti-Feds.

"Crazy will be President of the United States," said Turkey admiringly.

"The bathroom plank will win us fifty votes."

"And what about the jigger vote?"

At this moment an egg passed rapidly through the open window and spread itself on the wall, while across the campus the figure of Mucker Reilly of the Kennedy was seen zigzagging for safety, with his thumb vulgarly applied to his nose.

The Executive Committee gazed at the wall, watching the yellow desecration trickling into a map of South America.

"This means the end of argument," said Cheyenne sadly. "The campaign from now on will be bitter."

"If the appeal to force is going to be made," said Crazy, applying a towel, "we shall endeavor—Doc, shut the window—we shall endeavor to meet it."

"We have now a chance," said Egghead, brightening, "to prove that we are not Goo-Goos."

"Egghead, you are both intelligent and comforting," said Hickey. "The first thing is to corner the egg market."

"The Finance Committee," said Crazy wrathfully, "is empowered to buy, beg or borrow every egg, every squashy apple, every mushy tomato that can be detected and run down. From now on we shall wage a vigorous campaign."

VIII

THE publication of the Anti-Fed program roused the party cohorts to cheers and song. The panicky Feds strove to turn the tide with this warning:

HA! HA!
IT WON'T DO!
WE KNOW THE HAND!

Don't be Deceived. Hickey is the Sheep in Wolf's Clothing. Stung to the Quick by Our Detection of the Criminal Alliance Between the Anti-Feds and the Faculty, Hickey, the King of the Goo-Goos, is Trying to Bleat Like a Wolf. It Won't Do! They Cannot Dodge the Issue. Stand Firm. Lawrenceville Must Not be Made Into a Kindergarten.

But this could not stem the rising wave. The Hamill House turned its back on Federalism and threw in its lot with the foes of the compulsory bath. Just before supper the Anti-Feds were roused to frenzy by the astounding news that the little Rouse House, isolated though it was from the rest of the school and under the very wing of the Davis, had declared Anti-Fed, for the love of combat that burned in its heroic band led by the redoubtable Charley De Soto and Scrapper Morrissey.

With the declaration of the different houses the first stage of the campaign ended. By supper every house was on a military footing and the dove of peace was hastening toward the horizon.

That night Mr. Baldwin waited in vain for the report of Hickey, waited and wondered. For the first time Baldwin, the enthusiast, began to be a little apprehensive of the forces he had unchained.

Later, Mr. Baronson paid him a visit.

"Well, Baldwin, what news?" he said dryly. "Thoroughly satisfied with your new course in political education?"

"Why, the boys seem to take to it with enthusiasm," said Baldwin dubiously. "I think they're thoroughly interested."

"Interested? Yes—quite so. By the way, Baldwin," Baronson stopped a moment and scanned his young subordinate with pitying knowledge, "I'm going to retire for the night. If I had a cyclone cellar I'd move to it. I put you in charge of the house. If any attempt is made to set it on fire or dynamite it go out and argue gently with the boys, and above all impress upon them that they are the hope of the country and must set a standard. Reason with them, Baldwin, and above all appeal to their better natures. Good-night."

Baldwin did not answer. He stood meditatively gazing out the window. From the Dickinson and the Kennedy magic lanterns were flashing campaign slogans on white sheets suspended at opposite houses. The uproar of cat-calls and hoots that accompanied the exhibitions left small reason to hope that they were couched in that clear, reasoning style which would uplift future American politics.

As he looked, from the Upper House the indignant and now thoroughly aroused Fourth Form started to parade with torchlights and transparencies. Presently the winding procession, clothed in superimposed nightshirts, arrived with hideous clamor. Dangling from a pole were two grotesque figures stuffed with straw and decked with aprons; overhead was the inscription, "Kings of the Goo-Goos," and one was labeled Hickey and one was labeled "Brother." Opposite his window they halted and chanted in soft unison:

Hush, hush, tread softly,
Hush, hush, make no noise,
Baldwin is the King of the Goo-Goos,
Let him sleep,
Let him sleep,
(Shouted): Let him sleep!!!

Then the transparencies succeeded one another, bobbing over the rolling current of indignant seniors.

BACK TO THE KINDERGARTEN!
WE WANT NO BROTHERLY LOVE!
GOOD-BY, BALDWIN! GOOD-BY

Baldwin drew down the shade and stepped from the window. He heard a familiar

Good Enough for Good Floors

and pretty enough to use for interior decorative work and on all sorts of furniture. It was the wear-resisting qualities of the varnish that suggested the name—

PATTON'S SOLE-PROOF FLOOR COATINGS

They withstand hard usage to a remarkable degree, and they are as pretty as they are tough. With a Sole-Proof Graining Outfit, even an amateur can reproduce all sorts of natural wood-grain effects.
Sole Proof Floor Coatings are sold in ten colors by reputable retailers whose business existence depends upon the quality of their wares.

FREE SAMPLE—Write for beautiful color card and booklet and if you enclose 10c in stamps to cover packing and postage, we will send free sample can—enough to finish a chair.

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step in the corridor, and quickly locked the door. Baronson knocked: then he knocked again; after which he moved away, chuckling.

IX

MEANWHILE, in the Dickinson, the Anti-Federalists were busy with the magic lantern, the second of Crazy Opdyke's campaign inspirations. There had been a slight difficulty experienced at the start in the printing of the slides, due to unfamiliarity in printing backward, until the Big Man qualified as a handwriting expert.

When the Fourth Form procession had arrived on its tour around the circle the Dickinsonians were prepared to welcome it. Crazy Opdyke, the head of the literary bureau, stood by the lantern directing the proclamations to be flashed on the sheet that hung from the opposite house.

Hickey and Macnooder had posted the orators at strategic windows, supplying them with compressed arguments in the form of eggs and soft apples.

"All ready?" said Opdyke as Hickey returned chuckling.

"Ready and willing," said Hickey.

"Here they come," said the Big Man.

"Is the Kennedy and the Woodhull with them?" asked Hickey.

"Sure, they're trailing on behind," said Turkey.

A yell of defiance burst from the head of the procession as it reached the headquarters of the enemy.

"Start the literature," said Crazy.

Egghead, at the lantern, slipped in the first slides, flashing them on the opposite sheet.

IT'S ALL OVER, BOYS
FEDERALISM IS IN THE SOUP
FEDERALISTS
THE UPPER HOUSE MYRMIDONS
THE DAVIS JAYHAWKERS
THE WOODHULL SORE HEADS
THE KENNEDY MUCKERS
ANTI-FEDERALISTS
THE ROUSE INVINCIBLES
THE CLEVE INDEPENDENTS
THE GRISWOLD INTELLECTUALS
THE GREEN MUGWUMPS
THE DICKINSON SCHOLARS
THE HAMILL MISSIONARIES
GOOD-BY, FEDS! GOOD-BY

"Now for a few personal references," said Crazy, smiling happily at the howls that greeted his first effort. "Egghead, shove them right along."

Another series was put forth:

WHY, WOODHULL, DID WE STEAL YOUR ICE CREAM?
IS TOUGH McCARTHY'S GANG OF BALLOT-STUFFERS WITH YOU?
WE ARE NOT FOURTH-FORM PUPPY DOGS
HELLO, TOUGH, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A PUPPY DOG?

"What are they shouting now?" said Hickey, peering over at the turbulent chaos below.

"They are re-questing us to come out!" said the Egghead.

The night was filled with the shrieks of the helpless Feds:

"Come out!"

"We dare you to come out!"

"Come out, you Dickinson Goo-Goos,"

"Why, they're really getting excited," said Hickey. "They're hopping right up and down."

"We will give them a declaration of principles," said Crazy. "Egghead, give them the principles; Hickey, notify the orators to prepare the compressed arguments. The word is 'BIFF.'"

Hickey went tumbling upstairs; the Egghead delivered the new series:

WHY, FEDS, DON'T GET PEEVISH
THIS IS AN ORDERLY CAMPAIGN
A QUIET, ORDERLY CAMPAIGN
REMEMBER, WE MUST UPLIFT THE NATION

Outside, the chorus of hoots and catcalls gave way to a steady rhythmic chant:

GOO-GOOS, GOO-GOOS, GOO-GOOS!

"How unjust!" said Crazy sadly. "We must clear ourselves! we must nail the lie—in a quiet, orderly way! Let her go, Egghead; Cheyenne, give Hickey the cue."

On the sheet suddenly flashed out:

WE ARE GOO-GOOS, ARE WE? BIFF!

At the same moment, from a dozen windows descended a terrific broadside of middle-aged eggs, assorted vegetables and squashy fruit.

The Federalist forces, utterly off their guard, dripping with egg and tomato, vanished like a heap of leaves before a whirlwind, while from the Anti-Federalist houses exultant shrieks of victory burst forth.

"If we are to be called Goo-Goos," said Crazy proudly, "we have, at least, made Goo-Goo a term of honor."

X

AT ELEVEN o'clock that night, as the head master sat in his room in distant Boston, giving the last touches to the address which he had prepared for the following day on the Experiment of Self-Government and Increased Individual Responsibility in Primary Education, the following telegram was handed to him:

> Come back instantly. School in state of anarchy. Rioting and pillaging unchecked. Another day may be too late. Baldwin's course in political education. BARONSON.

When the Doctor, after a night's precipitous travel, drove on to the campus he had left picturesque and peaceful but a few days before, he could hardly believe his eyes. The circle of houses was stained and spotted with the marks of hundreds of eggs and the softer vegetables. From almost every upper window a banner (often ripped to shreds) or a mutilated proclamation was displayed. Two large groups of embattled boys, bearing strange banners, were converging across the campus, with muscles strung in nervous tension, waiting the shock of the inevitable clash.

The Doctor sprang from the buggy and advanced toward chapel with determined, angry strides. At the sight of the familiar figure a swift change went over the two armies, on the point of flying at each others' throats. The most bloodthirsty suddenly quailed, the most martial scowls gave place to looks of innocence. In the twinkling of an eye every banner had disappeared, and the two armies, breaking formation, went meekly and fearfully into chapel.

The Doctor from his rostrum looked down upon the school. Under his fierce examination every glance fell.

"Young gentlemen of the Lawrenceville School, I will say just one word," began the head master. "This political campaign will STOP, NOW, AT ONCE!" He paused at the spectacle of row on row of blooming eyes and gory features, and, despite himself, his lips twitched.

In an instant the first ranks began to titter, then a roar of laughter went up from the pent-up, hysterical boys. They laughed until they sobbed, for the first time aware of the ridiculousness of the situation. Then as the Doctor, wisely refraining from further discourse, dismissed them, they swayed out on the campus, where the Davis fell into the arms of the Dickinson, and Fed and Anti-Fed rolled with laughter on the ground.

When Hickey, that afternoon, brazenly sought out Mr. Baldwin, a certain staccato note in the greeting caused a dozen careful phrases to die on his tongue.

"Don't hesitate, Hicks," said Baldwin, smiling coldly.

"I came, sir," said Hicks, looking down, "I came—that is, I—Mr. Baldwin, sir, I'm sorry it turned out such a failure."

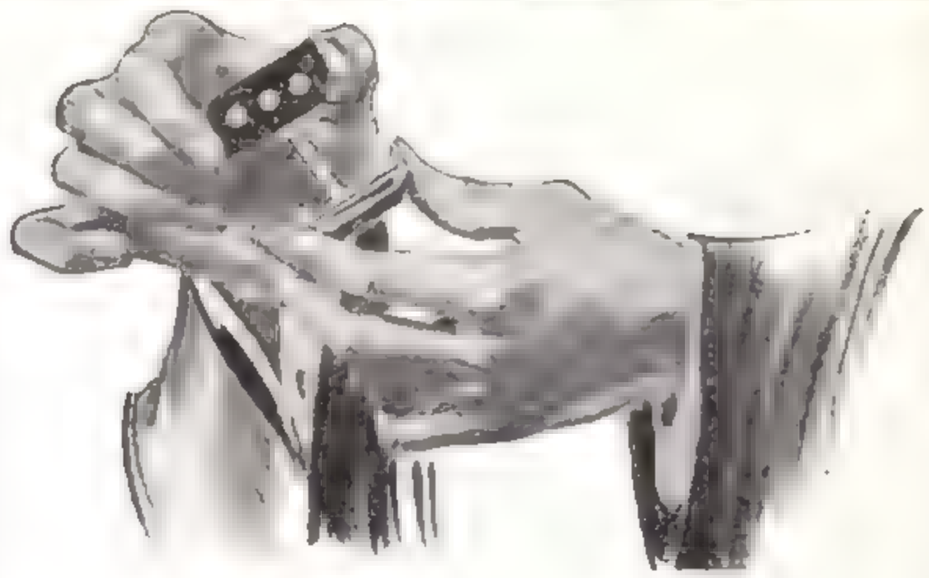
"Of course, Hicks," said Baldwin softly, "of course. It must be a great di appointment—to you. But it is not a failure, Hicks. On the contrary, it has been a great success—this campaign of education. I have learned greatly. By the way, Hicks, kindly announce to the class that I shall change my method of hearing recitations. I have a new system—based on the latest discoveries in the laws of probability. Announce also an examination for to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" said Hickey, astounded.

"On the review—in the interest of education—my education. Don't look down, Hicks—I cherish no resentment against you—none at all."

"Against me?" said Hickey, aggrieved.

"My feelings are of gratitude and affection only. You have been the teacher and I the scholar—but"—he paused and surveyed the persecuted Hicks with the smile of the anaconda for the canary—"but, Hicks, my boy, whatever else may be the *indifference* of the masters toward your education, when you leave Lawrenceville you will not be weak in—mathematics."



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MAKE-BELIEVE

(Concluded from Page 21)

sample-sheets, through which he skimmed with knitted brows. Then his face cleared and he looked up, with his finger on one of the pages.

"To illustrate," he said. "Your business is starch. We will say that you have been in the starch business for years—surrounded by it. You have a certain familiarity with certain brands and prices. But—do—you—know—that—the—chemical—symbol—for—starch—is $C_6 H_{10} O_5$? Are you aware that it is an organized substance of the class known as carbohydrates, that its grains vary in different species of plants from one-two-hundred-and-sixtieth to one-three-thousandth of an inch, or that some exhibit a series of concentric rings? Suppose some day your employer should require specific information and you are able to tell him that, if he dissolves starch in cold nitric acid and adds water he will obtain a precipitate of Xyloidin that will explode violently, either upon percussion or by heating to 350 degrees, Fahrenheit. What then?

"'Here is a valuable man,' says your employer. 'He is not content with the bare performance of routine duties. He acquaints himself with every detail of the business. He knows more about it now than I do myself. I must promote him—I must make it to his interest to remain with me.'"

Philbrick's eyes brightened, and he sat up. He could almost hear Mr. Kuester say it. "There might be something in that," he agreed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Benson. "You were good to me. I'll waive the cash payment. Sign this order, and I'll see that you get the Pantology to-morrow."

Sometimes there is a day of real spring during the spring months, even in Chicago—a day when the sun shines with a pleasant warmth, when the south wind blows softly against the cheek, when the green flashes into intensity and birds take heart to sing. Once in a decade or so that day falls upon a Sunday.

Philbrick felt particularly grateful for this as he awaited the coming of Susie in a fast-greening alley in the park. He sat, half reclined, on a bench, soberly enough to all appearances. Few who passed would have guessed that in his breast there was a tumult of joyful emotion that somersaults on the grass would have expressed but feebly, or that he was in a fever of impatience that every moment became harder to bear. He kept his legs on the bench because it was "their" bench, and extended legs have a good effect in deterring people who don't understand the circumstances, but there was a dancing, capering spirit in those striped cheviot members, nevertheless.

No; the casual stranger would have suspected nothing out of the way, but the fluffy, yellow-haired girl knew that there was something at the instant she looked into the young man's eyes. It was something even more than the happiness of seeing her. There was an exultation, a triumph in his look, plainly to be read by love.

"Sweetheart!"

"Jimmie, boy!"

That was their greeting, and after it they sat in silence, their hands clasped, their hearts beating in a quick ecstasy of bliss. The words that had been on his lips, that he had repeated a hundred times, died there dumbly.

"What is it, Jimmie?" she asked presently. "Tell me all about it."

"It's come at last, little girl!" he burst out in reply. "They've raised me, and now there's no reason why we shouldn't get married. The night after I was over at the house I stayed late to finish up some work, and I guess Kuester was pleased about it. Anyway, he called me into his room yesterday morning—I didn't know but he was going to fire me, he looked so ugly.

"'You're drawing fifteen a week here now, ain't you?' he says.

"'Yes, sir,' says I.

"'Well, I'm going to stretch it to eighteen,' he says. 'Wylie's not coming back, and you can take his place.'

"I started to thank him. 'Oh, you can cut that out,' he says; 'I expect you to earn it.'"

"Oh, Jimmie, boy!" cried the girl. "I'm so glad, glad, glad!" She cast a swift glance behind her, and then drew his head down and kissed him. Then they started apart as the crunch of footsteps on the gravel warned them that the alley was invaded.

But after the big policeman had sauntered past, Philbrick continued to stare before him, with a smile with which the two frisking, chattering squirrels in his line of vision had nothing to do. It was a minute or two before he spoke.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you know that I often . . . kind of make-believe. I've thought how it would be if . . . I—I've told you about it, haven't I? It's been a comfort to me at times when things weren't going as smoothly as they might, and it all seemed sort of hopeless."

She pressed his hand in token of quick sympathy.

"Well," he said brokenly, "now . . . if everything I ever dreamed of came true; if I had all the things I . . . played I had—like a kid—how poor and little and trifling it would be to—this!"

He turned and drew her gently to him. She sighed and laid her fluffy head on his shoulder—the shoulder of the cheap, threadbare coat—and all the many-storied air-castles builded by all the silly dreamers since time began could not have held the happiness that was his in that moment.

Shirt-Sleeve Tactics

DIPLOMACY is a prime requisite in a consul, especially in the East, and the kind which has been found most effective in handling Turkish problems is of that type scornfully described by the European chancelleries as "shirt-sleeve diplomacy." There is an American college in Beirut—known officially as the Syrian Protestant College—which has on its rolls a thousand students, representing more than a score of creeds and races. Not long ago the trustees of the college decided to erect a medical school and hospital on property belonging to the institution. The *Vali* (Governor-General) of Beirut, scenting an opportunity to extort backsheesh, informed the president that the building could not be erected until permission had been obtained from the Sublime Porte.

The rainy season was coming on, the cellars were already excavated, and a reference of the matter to Constantinople, with the usual evasion which would ensue, would mean a delay of months, and, possibly, of years, a contingency which the *Vali* was confident the trustees, after thinking it over, would decide it was best to avoid by making him a small present "in token of their esteem."

But he reckoned without his host. The president promptly laid the matter before the American Consul-General. "Go ahead and build," said he.

The advice of the Consul-General was followed, and the next day every wagon-driver employed in drawing stone was placed under arrest by orders of the *Vali*. "Employ as drivers only men who are naturalized Americans," directed the Consul-General, "and let us see if the authorities will dare to arrest them." The following day Turkish soldiers stopped the wagons as before, and arrested *every mule*, on the ground that they were illegally participating in the construction of an unauthorized building.

The Consul-General, seeing that the time had come for him to take the aggressive, that night sent a telegram *en clair* (that is, not in code) to the American Ambassador in Constantinople, detailing the recent events and suggesting that the Ambassador demand the recall of the Governor-General.

This telegram, as it is almost needless to say, was read by the *Vali* before ever it was put on the wire, and he apparently saw that this was one of the times when no backsheesh was to be had and discretion was the better part of valor. The next morning the mules were released, an intimation was given the college authorities that no further obstacles would be placed in their way, and to-day the medical college stands high on a hill above Beirut, a monument to the energy of an American educator and to the diplomacy of an American consul.

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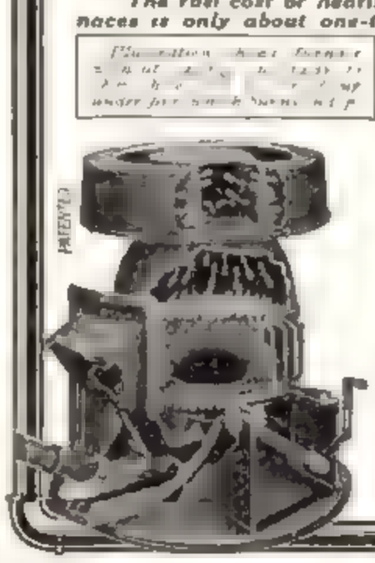

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THE NESTER PARSON

(Continued from Page 9)

There was one man with the Flying W outfit who took no apparent notice of the parson. He had been a gun-fighter in his day, it was whispered, and his name was still an evil one, but such was his reputation that few opportunities presented themselves for a display of skill. This man had come into the Territory between two days, as the citizens of those parts tactfully term it—he had preceded a ranger out of Texas by ten minutes, on a dark January night, on a borrowed horse.

"You better stay clear of Padden," said Banty in a casual way, as they worked together over a wheel.

"Why? He 'pears to me a fine man. Quiet, but pleasant like," said the parson, in surprise.

"Has he ever passed the time o' day with you?"

The parson reflected

"No-oo, I don't mind as he has. Now you say so, he ain't never spoke to me."

"That's jist what he done with Davis."

"Davis?" echoed the parson, in a startled tone. "Davis?"

"Shore, Davis. An' you know what happened to him, don't you?"

"I never hearn tell."

"Padden got him. Over in the gap, it was. Had a quarrel, Padden says."

"Who was this—this Davis? A cowhand?"

"Nester," said the blacksmith briefly. "Big man with a beard an' a cut across the jaw. Took up a claim 'bout five miles from you, on the other side of Eden."

The parson's hammer dropped noisily on to a pile of bolts. He was a long time picking it up, and when he resumed work he kept his face turned away from Banty.

"Who done got his land?"

"It 'pears he was agent or something for the ranch," returned the blacksmith noncommittally. "Pierson's livin' there now as division man."

"Was this in—when was this?"

"Oh, how kin I remember? He was only a nester. Back in 1902, I reckon. Why you so curious?"

"Nothin'," said the parson dully; "jist nothin'."

They dropped the subject and went at the broken wheel again.

The parson and his wife sat late that night in front of the deep fireplace, where a pile of dead wood crackled merrily, for they had much to talk over. From time to time he cast his eye upward at the heavy shotgun suspended above the crude mantelshelf, only to lower his gaze hastily as from temptation.

"He done killed my brother," he murmured for the twentieth time. "An' I would like for to git to him with that lil' ol' gun. It would fill him as full of daylight at a hundred paces as—but no, it is commanded that he who liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword. Ain't it so commanded, girl?"

"Ye-es. But it don't mention shotguns, Les," she said hopefully.

"That's so, that's so," he replied, cheering up; then sadly: "But that's only because they didn't have none in those ol' days, girl. No-oo, I reckon I'll jist have to let Padden alone. He'll perish by the sword, shore."

Gradually the parson won the respect of the Flying W boys, though he was still an object of kindly banter.

Three years passed. The parson proved his claim, and walking out from his shack one summer's eve he gazed with pride over twenty acres of corn. Of cattle he had now twelve head. They grew fat to bursting on the alfalfa he had grown beside his water-trough, and four cuttings had he secured from this patch already this year. He ran his eye over his possessions. Slowly it kindled with pride; and a newborn sense of security, of rest, brought his head up and made his nostrils dilate. At last he had a stake in the world a stake worth the devotion of a lifetime. He would always stay here; he would be a real farmer at last, a citizen

That night his sheds and his absurdly small cattle-pen were burned down. The precious wagon escaped by a miracle, of which Runt was the medium, and, of course, the horses were abroad, grazing. The parson was dumfounded. For a week he went about with a dazed air, utterly at a loss to account for this catastrophe, because fires were of such rare occurrence in the Territory that this one appeared to be a visitation.

"I reckon we were too puffed up, girl," he said.

"No," replied his wife; "somebody done us dirt, Les."

"You reckon?"

He brooded over this explanation for days. Riding his old mare bareback along the mountain trail one late summer afternoon, he encountered Padden at a bend above the gorge. Of late, the gun-fighter had taken notice of him. Sometimes it was to sneer, sometimes to throw a taunt which would have provoked a reply from anybody on the range but the parson.

"Howdy, Parson?" said Padden, halting his horse

"Howdy."

"Where'd you git them three calves of yourn?" drawled the Texan.

"Done bought 'em from the Lazy L straymen."

"They're Flying W calves," said Padden slowly, his eye cold and alert.

The undecided, frightened stare was gone from the parson's eyes. He was gazing at the gun-fighter under level brows. Carelessly the Texan's hand was twirling a cigarette-paper near his shirt bosom. Between the two fell a deathlike silence.

"Padden," said the parson, clearing his throat, "I reckon you figure on gittin' me that-a-way. Why, I dunno. But you won't. I done wrote my family in Oklahoma that, ef I should die sudden or git the worst of an argument, to look for you. They would, too. They ain't like me—not near so peaceful. An' there's five of 'em."

The Texan sniffed contemptuously and allowed his hand to fall away from where his gun reposed, to the horn of his saddle.

"Gimme the trail then," he commanded. "I don't stay here talkin' to a pea-livered preacher."

The parson slued the old mare around that the approaching horseman might have right-of-way, and Padden shook up his mount, trotting by without even a glance at the poltroon.

"Padden!"

The voice was very quiet. Dominated by the compelling force of unerring instinct, the Texan raised his hands as he faced about, though there had been no threat, no command. He was looking into the barrel of a ponderous six-shooter.

"My real name's Davis," said the parson, in the same tone, "an' I had a brother round here once."

The gun-fighter whitened to the lips, but his nerve was good.

"Why don't you shoot, then?" he mocked.

"I reckon I ought for to kill you, Padden," answered the parson, "but I ain't a-goin' to do it. Not unless you make me. It's commanded that he who liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword. Somebody's shore to git you. But listen. You leave me alone—you hear me? Why you want me, anyway?"

"Go ahead an' shoot," drawled Padden.

"Now, I'll jist take that lil' ol' gun of yourn. No-oo, I'll git it myself. Keep those hands up, you! Shore, just to be on the safe side. They tell me you're plum quick. Now, you git along, an' don't you stop to look at the view, neither."

Loring was going over some private account-books when Padden came clanking in without ceremony, and he hastily thrust them into a drawer. He looked up with a frown as the Texan threw himself insolently into a chair.

"I won't do it, Loring," he blurted out.

"You're a ——" began the manager, and stopped at the look in the other's eyes.

"That's better," laughed Padden evenly.

"What's more, Loring," he continued, "I want a holiday. I done been workin' too long. Gimme a couple of hundred. You kin have some one else do the job, and I'll be back in a month."

It was useless to attempt to dissuade the Texan. He was adamant on this point, and departed, while the manager paced long up and down, and finally dispatched a rider into Tucalari.

As for the parson, he said nothing of the encounter to his wife. "The girl" being an invalid, it was necessary above all things that nothing should disquiet her, and that she should have no worries. Then, two nights later, his cattle were run off.

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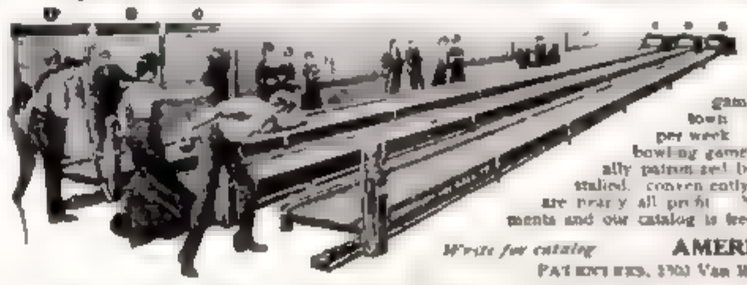

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Search over three counties revealed no trace of them, and when the nester enlisted the services of a ranger he got no better results. On his return home from this punishing hunt his wife informed him that the manager had sent a messenger to ask him to come to the ranchhouse without delay.

"What did you want for to see me about, Mr. Loring?"

"Well, a friend of mine was figuring he'd buy up some property in Eden. I thought, perhaps, you'd sell cheap. There ain't much there."

The parson shook his head, smiling for the first time in a week.

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars for your claim," said the manager.

"Why, that ain't a dollar an acre," objected the parson, "an' there's all that corn, too."

"I know that; but you got it for nothing. And it's a bad year, a very bad year."

"Mr. Loring, sir, I wouldn't take a thousand for that lil' claim. I done worked hard on it. It's—why, it's sort of home now, the only home the girl an' me ever really had."

"All right!" snapped the manager, turning to his table. Then he laughed and rose to place a hand on the parson's shoulder.

"You're wise to hold on to it, Parson," he said confidentially. "I'll tell my friend I can't get it."

Somebody walked near the nightherd a week later and waved a slicker. The cattle were bedded down half a mile above the parson's claim, and they went through his puny fence and over his cornfield as though they weren't there; as indeed they weren't, when morning dawned. An interesting feature of this stampede was the ease with which the fifteen hundred steers were milled and brought to a standstill, two miles beyond.

"Wal, Mr. Loring, sir, I reckon I'll have to git a job ag'in to see me through the winter," announced the parson, trying bravely to smile. "I ain't got anythin' left, much."

"I'm sorry, Parson, but Lloyd has just let three of the boys go. There is really no work here for you. Banty hasn't enough to do himself to keep busy. I gave you a chance, but ——"

"You won't give me a job, then?"

"I haven't one to give you."

"Why, I'll have to leave my lil' claim, Mr Loring!" cried the parson.

The manager shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry, but I can't help it."

The parson was moving away, unable to comprehend the full force of this blow. What? All his dreams killed, penniless once more, and obliged to take the unknown trails for new lands.

"I'll give you a hundred for that claim if you want to sell," called Loring carelessly.

"No, sir, you won't!" cried the parson, suddenly striking his fist against the palm of the other hand. "I'm a-goin' to stay right there."

When he returned to his shack his wife was preparing to go to the ranchhouse.

"Do you know, girl, I don't believe they want us here at all?" said the parson sadly.

"Oh, Les, I wouldn't say that," she reproved.

"It's beginnin' to look that-a-way," he insisted, shaking his head. "First my sheds done burn, then my cattle is run off, an' now my whole crop is tromped out. An' Loring won't give me a job."

"Mrs. Loring has jist sent for me to cook," said his wife. "She's a real lady, Mrs. Loring. She's goin' to give me twenty dollars a month. That'll keep us over the winter."

"Shore!" exclaimed the parson, all his troubles forgotten temporarily.

He went in search of Banty to get his advice, an odd sort of friendship having sprung up between the two. The blacksmith leaned on his hammer, set upright on the anvil, and laughed in his face.

"Shore," he finished, "that's the only way they kin get land. Ef it wasn't for you nesters they'd have for to pay high for it."

It was noticeable that the parson breathed heavily on the homeward tramp, and that sometimes he took in his breath in a long, quivering sigh; likewise, that his eyes were narrowed to mere slits, instead of staring wide in credulous amazement at this curious world.

He found his wife seated on a stool beside the door, rocking backward and forward in an agony of weeping. The tears were hopping down her fat, rosy cheeks, and she brushed them away with a soiled apron.

"What's the matter, girl?" demanded the parson with dangerous quiet.

"I done lost—my job, Les."

"Lost your job? How?"

"They've got a strange cook from 'way over the mountains—a man," she said brokenly. "An' he done—told me—that Mr. Loring—said as how I couldn't coo-hook—oh, oh, oh—an' he had decided I wouldn't do."

"Couldn't cook? Couldn't cook?" cried the parson, his eyes blazing.

His wife rose from the stool and went into the bedroom to throw herself upon the crude bunk and sob out her sorrow.

"They done killed my brother," the parson was saying, as though repeating a lesson, and he stood rigid; "they done burnt my sheds an' they stole my cattle. Yes, they did, too; they run off my pore lil' bunch. An' they've tromped down my corn, an' they won't give me a job. It is commanded that he who liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword.

"But when they go for to insult the girl!" his voice rose harshly; "when they say she cain't cook. *Cain't cook! Cain't* ——"

He turned and took down the old double-barreled gun from above the fireplace and slipped into it two shells loaded with buckshot. Then he set out for the ranchhouse.

A hundred yards from the decrepit fence that was the boundary line between the yard and the prairie, the parson broke into a jogtrot. He was mumbling to himself in a way not good to see, and the perspiration ran from his forehead into his wide, staring eyes, blinding him. This he did not appear to notice: there were dancing before his pupils millions of tiny, red specks, and a roaring in his ears distracted him.

In front of the loose picket gate a horse stood with drooping head, listlessly awaiting his rider. Blurred as was his vision the parson recognized it as one of Padden's. Through the turmoil of his raging lust for atonement burst an inspiration.

"I'll git him, too! Oh, I'm a-goin' to git him, too!" he cried chokingly.

From the house sounded a sharp report that brought the parson to a standstill, his senses straining for the aftermath. Well he knew what it betokened. Out of the door leading into the room the manager utilized to transact his business burst Padden, jamming a six-shooter inside the bosom of his shirt as he ran. Behind him and through the open window, thrown wide for air, eddied a graceful, trailing veil of filmy smoke.

As the Texan went to his horse and vaulted into the saddle without touching boot to stirrup, a shrill scream cut through the numbing agonies of the parson's mind.

"So!" he cried, throwing his gun to his shoulder. "So now I git you, Padden! My name's Davis, an' I had a brother once——"

His old gun blared out its thunderous note and a charge of buckshot sped after Padden, bending low over his horse's neck to urge the flying creature to greater effort. His slicker and the high cantle of the saddle received it: the parson could see the leather rise in stripe. Perhaps some spent pellets reached the Texan, for he wavered momentarily; then, recovering himself, drove headlong forward on his flight.

"You—you've done gone back on me," said the parson, in a wondering, reproachful tone. "You've done missed, ol' girl. An' you hadn't missed before in ten year."

His wrongs came surging back on him with a rush. Swiftly he glided through the gate, up the tortuous thread of path, to the door of the room inside which he knew Loring must be. Suddenly he realized with a start that the screams had not ceased: they had redoubled, and a man and a young girl were now running frantically from the house, crying to him for help.

Just inside the portal, lying face downward on the floor, his hand clutching a six-shooter, was stretched a body. And beside it the widow knelt, calling on a merciful Heaven for pity in this hour of need. The parson looked, and the scales dropped from his eyes. Rubbing his hand across his forehead like a man awaking from a nightmare, he gazed at his gun as though seeing it for the first time. Shamefacedly, on tiptoe, he placed it behind the door and dropped on his knees beside Mrs. Loring. At last he looked up and nodded.

"He who liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword," whispered the parson, his eyes wide, far-seeing.

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THE KING OF DIAMONDS

(Continued from Page 13)

be possible? He had had no orders about talking to this man, but —— Perhaps he was going to give it up! And with this idea he accelerated his pace and crossed the street.

"Oh, Mr. Claflin, will you step in just a moment, please?" requested Mr. Wynne courteously.

"Why?" demanded the detective suspiciously.

"There's a matter I want to discuss with you," responded Mr. Wynne. "It may be that we can reach some sort of—of an agreement about this, and if you don't mind ——"

Claflin went up the steps, Mr. Wynne ushered him in and closed the door behind him.

Three minutes later Mr. Wynne appeared on the steps again and beckoned to Sutton, who had witnessed the incident just preceding, and was positively being eaten by curiosity.

"This is Mr. Sutton, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Wynne.

"Yes, that's me."

"Well, Mr. Claflin and I are discussing this matter, and my proposition to him was such that he felt it must be made in your presence. Would you mind stepping inside for a moment?"

"You and the girl decided to give it up?" queried Mr. Sutton triumphantly.

"We are just discussing the matter now," was the answer.

Sutton went up the steps and disappeared inside.

And about four minutes after that Mr. Wynne stood in the hallway, puffing a little as he readjusted his necktie. He picked up his hat, drew on his gloves and then rapped on the door of the back parlor. Miss Kellner appeared.

"We will go now," said Mr. Wynne quietly.

"But is it safe, Gene?" she asked quickly.

"Perfectly safe, yes. There's no danger of being followed if we go immediately."

She gazed at him wonderingly, then followed him to the door. He opened it and she passed out, glancing around curiously. For one instant he paused, and there came a clatter and clamor from somewhere in the rear of the house. He closed the door with a grim smile.

"Which are the detectives?" asked Miss Kellner, in an awed whisper.

"I don't see them around just now," he replied. "We can get a cab at the corner."

. . . . . .

Some years ago a famous head of the police department clearly demonstrated the superiority of a knock-out blow, frequently administered, as against moral suasion, and from that moment the "third degree" became an institution. Whatever sort of criticism may be made of the "third degree," it is nevertheless amazingly effective, and beyond that affords infinite satisfaction to the administrator. There is a certain vicious delight in brutally smashing a sullen, helpless prisoner in the face; and the "third degree" is not officially in existence.

Red Haney was submitted to the "third degree." His argument that he found the diamonds, and that having found them they were his until the proper owner appeared, was futile. Ten minutes after having passed into a room where sat Chief Arkwright, of the Mulberry Street force, and three of his men, *and* Steven Birnes, of the Birnes Detective Agency, Haney remembered that he hadn't found the diamonds at all—somebody had given them to him.

"Who gave them to you?" demanded the Chief.

"I don't know the guy's name, Boss," Haney replied humbly.

"This is to remind you of it."

Haney found himself sprawling on the floor, and looked up, with a pleading, piteous expression. His eyes were still red and bleary, his motley face shot with purple; and the fumes of the liquor still clouded his brain. The Chief stood above him with clenched fist.

"On the level, Boss, I don't know," he whined.

"Get up," commanded the Chief. Haney struggled to his feet and dropped into his chair. "What does he look like—this man who gave them to you? Where did you meet him? *Why* did he give them to you?"

"Now, Boss, I'm goin' to give you the straight goods," Haney pleaded. "Don't hit me any more an' I'll tell you all I know about it."

The Chief sat down again with scowling face. Haney drew a long breath of relief.

"He's a little, skinny feller, Boss," the prisoner went on to explain, the while he thoughtfully caressed his jaw. "I meets him out here in a little town called Willow Creek, me havin' swung off a freight there to git somethin' to eat. He's just got a couple o' handouts an' he passes one to me, an' we gits to talkin'. He gits to tellin' me somethin' about a nutty old gazabo who lives in the next town, which he had just left. This old bazoo, he says, has a hatful o' diamonds up there, but they ain't polished or nothin', an' he's there by hisself, an' is old an' simple, an' it's findin' money, he says, to go over an' take 'em away from him. He reckoned there must 'a' been a thousan' dollars' worth altogether.

"Well, he puts the proposition to me," Haney continued circumstantially, "an' I falls for it. We're to go over, an' I'm to pipe it all off to see it's all right, then I'm to sort o' hang aroun' an' keep watch while he goes in an' gives the old nut a gentle tap on the coco, an' cops the sparks. That's what we done. I goes up an' takes a few looks aroun', then I whistles an' he appears from the back, an' goes up to the kitchen for a handout. The old guy opens the door, an' he goes in. About a minute later he comes out an' gives me a handful o' little rocks—them I had—an' we go away. He catches a freight goin' West, an' I swings one for Jersey City."

"When was this?" demanded the Chief.

"What's to-day?" asked Haney in turn.

"This is Sunday morning."

"Well, it was yesterday mornin' sometime, Saturday. When I gits to Jersey I takes one o' the little rocks an' goes into a place an' shows it to the bar-keep. He gives me a lot o' booze for it, an' I guess I gits considerable lit up, an' he also gives me some money to pay ferry fare, an' the next thing I knows I'm nabbed over in the hock-shop. I guess I *was* lit up good, 'cause if I'd 'a' been right I wouldn't 'a' went to the hock-shop an' got pinched."

He glanced around at the five other men in the room, and he read belief in each face, whereupon he drew a breath of relief.

"What town was it?" asked the Chief.

"Little place named Coaldale."

"Coaldale," the Chief repeated thoughtfully. "Where is that?"

"About forty or fifty miles out'n Jersey," said Haney.

"I know the place," remarked Mr. Birnes, who had listened in silence.

"You are sure, Haney?" said the Chief after a pause. "You are sure you don't know this other man's name?"

"I don't know it, Boss."

"Who was the man you robbed?"

"I don't know."

The Chief arose quickly, and the prisoner cringed in his seat.

"I don't know," he went on protestingly. "Don't hit me again."

But the Chief had no such intention; it was merely to walk back and forth across the room.

"What kind of man was he—a tramp?"

Haney faltered and thoughtfully pulled his under-lip. The cunning brain behind the bleary eyes was working now.

"I wouldn't call him a tramp," he said evasively. "He had on a collar an' cuffs an' good clothes, an' talked sort o' easy."

"Little, skinny man you said. What color was his hair?"

The Chief turned in his tracks and regarded Haney with keen, inquiring eyes. The prisoner withstood the scrutiny bravely.

"Sort o' blackish, brownish hair," he replied vaguely.

"Black, you mean?"

"Well, yes—black."

"And his eyes?"

"Black eyes—little an' round like gimlet holes."

"Heavy eyebrows, I suppose?"

"Yes," Haney agreed readily. "They sort o' stick out."

"And his nose? Big or little? Heavy or thin?"

Haney considered that thoughtfully for a moment before he answered. Then:

"Sort o' medium nose, Boss, with a point on it."

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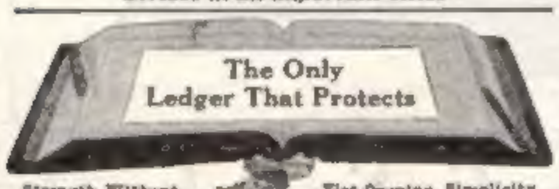

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"And a thin face, naturally. How much did he weigh?"

"Oh, he was a little feller—skinny, you know. I reckon he didn't weigh no more'n a hundred an' twenty-five or thirty."

Some germ had been born in the fertile mind of Mr. Birnes; now it burst into maturity. He leaned forward in his chair and stared coldly at Haney.

"Perhaps," he suggested slowly—"Perhaps he had a scar on his face?"

Haney returned the gaze dully for an instant, then suddenly he nodded his head.

"Yes, a scar," he said.

"From here?" Mr. Birnes placed one finger on the point of his chin and drew it across his right jaw.

"Yes, a scar—that's it," the prisoner acquiesced, "from his chin almost around to his ear."

Mr. Birnes came to his feet, while the official police stared. The Chief sat down again and crossed his fat legs.

"Why, what do *you* know, Birnes?" he queried.

"I know the *man*, Chief," the detective burst out confidently. "I'd gamble my head on it. I knew it! I knew it!" he told himself. Again he faced the tramp: "Haney, do you know how much the diamonds you had were worth?"

"Must 'a' been three or four hundred dollars."

"Something like fifty thousand dollars," Mr. Birnes informed him impressively; "and if you got fifty thousand dollars for your share the other man got a million."

Haney only stared.

. . . . . .

Half an hour later Mr. Birnes, Chief Arkwright and Detective-Sergeant Connelly were on a train, bound for Coaldale. Mr. Birnes had left them for a moment at the ferry and rushed into a telephone booth. When he came out he was exuberantly triumphant.

"It's my man, all right," he assured the Chief. "He has been missing since Friday night, and no one knows his whereabouts. It's my man."

It was an hour's ride to Coaldale, a sprawling, straggly village with only four or five houses in sight from the station. When the three men left the train there, Mr. Birnes walked over and spoke to the agent, a thin, cadaverous, tobacco-chewing specimen of his species.

"We are looking for an old gentleman who lives out here somewhere," he explained. "He probably lives alone, and we've been told that he has a little cottage somewhere over this way."

He waved his hand vaguely to the right, in accordance with the directions of Red Haney. The station agent scratched his stubbly chin, and spat with great accuracy through a knot-hole ten feet away.

"'Spect you mean old man Kellner," he replied obligingly. "He lives by hisself part of the time; then again sometimes his granddarter lives with him."

"Granddaughter!" Mr. Birnes almost jumped.

"A granddaughter, yes," he said with a forced calm. "Rather a pretty girl twenty-two or three years old? Sometimes she dresses in blue?"

"Yes," the agent agreed. "'Spect them's them. Follow the road there till you come to the Widow Gardiner's hog-lot, then turn to your left, and it's about a quarter of a mile on. The only house up that way—you can't miss it."

The agent stood squinting at them, with friendly inquiry radiating from his parchmentlike countenance, and Mr. Birnes took an opportunity to ask some other questions:

"By the way, what sort of an old man is this Mr. Kellner? What does he do? Is he wealthy?"

A pleasant grin overspread his informant's face; one finger was raised to his head and twirled significantly.

"'Spect he's crazy," he went on to explain. "Don't do nothing, so far as nobody knows—lives like a hermit, stays in the house all the time, and has long whiskers. Don't know whether he's rich or not, but 'spect he ain't, becuz no man with money'd live like he does." He thrust a long forefinger into Mr. Birnes' face. "And stingy! He's so stingy he won't let nobody come in the house—scared they'll wear the furniture out looking at it."

"How long has he lived here?"

"There ain't nobody in this town old enough to say. Why, mister, I'll bet that old man's a thousand years old. Wait'll you see him."

That was all. They went on as indicated.

"The very type of man who would scrimp and starve to put all his money in something like diamonds," mused Chief Arkwright. "The usual rich old miser who winds up by being murdered."

They passed the "Widow Gardiner's hog-lot" and came into a pleasant country road, which, turning, brought them to a shabby little cottage, embowered in trees. Through the foliage, farther on, they caught the amber gleam of a languid river; and around their feet, as they entered the yard, scores of pigeons fluttered.

"Carriers!" ejaculated Mr. Birnes, as if startled.

With a strange feeling of elation the detective led the way up the steps to the veranda, and knocked. There was no answer, and he knocked again. Still no answer. He glanced at the Chief significantly, and tried the door. It was locked.

"Try the back," directed the Chief tersely. "If that's locked we'll go in anyway."

They passed around the house to the rear, and Mr. Birnes laid one hand upon the door-knob. He turned it and the door swung inward. Again he glanced at Chief Arkwright. The Chief nodded, and led the way into the house. They stood in a kitchen, clean as to floors and tables, but now in the utmost disorder. They spent only a moment here, then passed into the narrow hall, along this to a door that stood open, and then—then Chief Arkwright paused, staring downward, and respectfully lifted his hat.

"Always the same," he remarked enigmatically.

Mr. Birnes thrust himself forward and through the door. On the floor, with white face turned upward, and fixed, staring eyes, lay an old man. His venerable gray hair, long and unkempt, fell back from a brow of noble proportions, the wide, high brow of the student; and a great, snow-white beard rippled down over his breast. Save for the glassiness of the eyes the face was placid, even in death, as it must have been in life.

Mutely Mr. Birnes examined the body. A blow in the back of the head—that was all. Then he glanced around the room inquiringly. Everything was in order, except—except here lay an overturned cigar-box. He picked it up; two uncut diamonds were on the floor beneath it. The rough, inert pebbles silently attested the obvious manner of death which simultaneously forced itself upon the three men—the cowardly blow of an assassin, a dying struggle, perhaps, for the contents of the box, and this—the end!

From outside came sharply in the silence the rattle of wheels on the gravel of the road, and some vehicle stopped in front of the door.

"Sh-h-h-h!" warned the Chief.

Some one came along the walk, up the steps and rapped briskly on the door; the detectives waited motionless, silent. The knob rattled under impatient fingers, then the footsteps passed along the veranda quickly, and were lost, as if some one had stepped off at the end intending to come to the back door, which was open. A moment later they heard steps in the kitchen, then in the narrow hall approaching, and the doorway of the room where they stood framed the figure of a man. It was Mr. Czenki.

"There's your man, Chief," remarked Mr. Birnes quietly.

The diamond expert permitted his gaze to wander from one to another of the three men, and then the beady, black eyes came to rest on the silent, outstretched figure of the old man. He started forward impulsively; the grip of Detective-Sergeant Connelly on his arm stopped him.

"You're my prisoner!"

"Yes, I understand," said Mr. Czenki impatiently. He didn't even look up; he was still gazing at the figure on the floor.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" demanded Chief Arkwright coldly.

Mr. Czenki met the accusing stare of the Chief squarely for an instant, then the keen eyes shifted to the slightly flushed face of Mr. Birnes and lingered there interrogatively.

"I have nothing whatever to say," he replied at last, and he drew one hand slowly across his thin, scarred face. "Yes, I understand," he repeated absently. "I have nothing to say."

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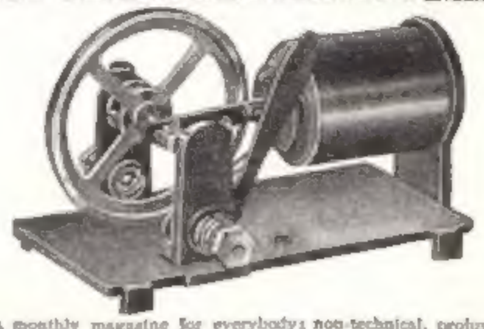

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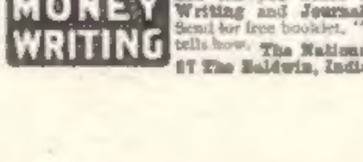

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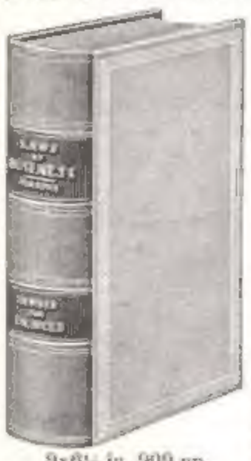

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